National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press.

From the Louisville Journal.

South Carolina and Her Hobby.—The doctors, in their treatises on the diseases to which humanity is subject, have noticed a great variety of instances in which, when the mind has been somewhat shattered, "jangled, and out of tune," the imagination has played many very fantastic tricks indeed. The upper stories of some of these poor fellows have been tenanted with exceedingly queer ideas. While some of them have fancied themselves teapots, cooking-stoves, and crockery articles of various kinds, others have exhibited more self-complacency and have imagined themselves to be heroes, demi-divinities, kings, and potentates. Such monomaniacs are generally regarded as objects to be laughed at or wept over, as the vein of Democritus or Heraclitus happened to prevail over the hearts of spectators.

A disorder of the brain, a disease of the imagination, or a mania engendered by too much culture bestowed on the faculty of self-esteem has for the last twenty years prevailed to a fearful extent in the good State of South Carolina. The nullifiers are the victims of this disorder, and the symptoms are of the most unmistakable kind. When a South Carolinian's brains become bewitched or shattered, he immediately fancies himself Julius Cæsar, old Mars, Belisarius, or William Tell, and begins to talk very incoherently about State rights, secession, peculiar institutions, the value of the Union, and other topics of that sort. After talking until his face is flushed with the reddest of all patriotic hues, he picks up a palmetto cudgel and demolishes sundry mullen stalks with unparalleled bravery, fancying them to be enemies of the greatness and grandeur of the very remarkable State which had the honour of introducing himself to the love of the sun and the stars and the gentle sisterhood that preside over human destinies. Having thus prepared himself, he enters in earnest on the great business for which men are created in South Carolina, that is to say, he talks treason and tries to convince all his neighbours that the "crisis," for which all Palmettodom has been looking with fierce and hopeful eyes for a quarter of a century, has come at last, and that the time for reasoning has passed and the day for action has dawned. Squads of moonlings, as the tender-hearted old pets used to call fools of the first water, get together and adopt resolutions and make speeches, from which the man in the moon, who is supposed to pay great attention to these lunatics, is induced to believe a most terrific war is about to break out and crimson the whole green land with oceans, lakes, rivers, and little puddles of human blood.

Thus it happens that, in the opinions of the mooncalves of South Carolina, every revolving year is sure to bring up to the light of day a very dreadful thing, called by nullifying lexicographers a "crisis," in which all the chivalry of the State is to make a dreadful onslaught on all that contemptible part of mankind which has been denied by cruel fate the boon of a birthright in South Carolina. The chivalry looks as grave as a tombstone and as wise as the Egyptian sphynx, and it then is to be seen on moonlight nights recreating itself by holding its head aloft with its chin cocked up astronomically at the pole-star, and marching with measured step up and down horse paths, whistling the while that lugubrious martial national air known under heaven by the name of Zip Coon. Thus acts the chivalry when the fit is on it, and well it is for that chivalry that the mania which afflicts it is not more terrific in its paroxysms. If a chivalry specimen should by chance fancy himself an enemy, he would certainly perform that perfect demolition of himself that certain feline nullifiers of Kilkenny are said to have performed on each other, leaving not enough of himself to warrant the most adventurous of oath-makers to swear by.

It happens that, just at this time, South Carolina is in one of her curious spells, and she is cutting up all those extras of which a crone so wrinkled, wan, emaciated, and collapsed as herself ought to be heartily ashamed. But it is very singular that South Carolina has not the remotest idea, when she wakes up from one of her fevered dreams, that she has made a very complete fool of herself. Her lunacy is accompanied with an obliteration of memory, and when she opens her vacant eyes she flatters herself that she is the reigning belle of all the sisterhood of States, the admired of all admirers, the beloved of all lovers, with a dash of the coquette in her manner, that her eye is clear as a sunbeam, and that hers is a head in which no wretched lunacy ever worked out its melancholy results. She has no ear for music, and cannot distinguish the loud laughter of all the world at her expense from honeyed adulation wafted to her precious tympanum on the freshest of zephyrs. We suppose that the ugly old hag that the henpecked Tam O'Shanter saw in Alloway's kirk was very much such a witch as South Carolina is. She thought herself comely, canty, young, and boydenish, and yet she was all that is unlovely to the eye, and her action was so grotesque that honest Tam could not resist a genuine "guffaw," which affronted her vanity, and she doomed the luckless Tam to destruction.

South Carolina is, as one would naturally infer from the state of her brains, a free trade State, and her sons have expatiated with tear-compelling pathos on a thousand occasions on the glories of unrestricted commerce. We see, however, that it is now proposed that, like a spiteful cow that kicks the pail of milk over which she has just yielded to the importunity of the milk-maid's digits, she shall proceed to declare non-intercourse with the North, and place the commerce and traffic of all the free States under the ban. It has been urged on the consideration of her sons that she ought to isolate herself from all communication with the free States, and set up for herself a while. This we suppose is meant for a sort of a probation state antecedent to genuine secession. She will be very happy certainly in her isolation. She will not buy a cabbage or a potato from the North, nor will she sell a bale of her Sea Islands to any of the traitors who live away off in the unfriended clime of Massachusetts. It is true, that Lowell can get cotton enough even if South Carolina should make it a capital crime in one of her citizens to sell a bale of cotton to a man who abhors her "domestic institutions." Indeed, how the free States are to be injured by non-intercourse with Palmettodom, is what we cannot see. But the disciples of the chivalry doubtless think that no portion of the globe would be tolerable if excluded from intercourse with their State, and by declaring non-intercourse they hope to cause Massachusetts and the other free States to wither and rot into the most wonderful desolation. She herself is ragged as a beggar's brat—the patches of ruin and desolation on her soil being neither few, far between, nor narrow—and, not content with her own poverty and rags, she is anxious to make other States as ragged and ungenteel as herself. But the policy of non-intercourse she is talking of would be precisely as wise as an effort to spit against a tempest, and she herself would be the only party which would receive any great detriment from it. If she is anxious to isolate herself from the Union, we think a very large majority of the people will consent to her seceding. She is a most petulent State, and is everlastingly trying to make other States as ridiculous as she makes herself. She has been calling on all the southern States to unite and make common cause with her against the North and West for the last fifteen years, and, as yet, her fiery eloquence and fear-starting pathos have been most provokingly disregarded. She calls on the other southern States, and they only hiss in her ear. Georgia on one side of her, and North Carolina on the other, constantly laugh in her face, and yet she continues to inform them gravely that the crisis has come, and they must shoulder their firelocks and fight the enemy, while they tell her she is crazy, and ought to have a wall built about her and become one great lunatic asylum.

What South Carolina means to fight is more than we can see. Suppose that Congress should declare that Slavery shall not be extended into Calfornia—what then? Will South Carolina gather her chivalry together and march at the head of a large gang of negroes to the forbidden soil, or will her chivalry go thither without negroes? What will be the business of such an army when it gets to the diggings? Or will the chivalry march northward for the purpose of invading and punishing every State whose representatives dare to vote in favour of the frightful Wilmot Proviso. The truth is, we cannot see what an army got together in South Carolina is to do for an enemy against whom it can turn its cannon or its precious back.

It is a great pity that South Carolina cannot be persuaded or convinced of the truth that she is the laughing stock of this globe, for, in that event, her sense of shame might keep her within the bounds of decency. But we have no idea that she will ever become decent and rational. Her lunacy is of such long standing that it is wholly incurable, and she will go on and fret and play the fool until a new race of men springs up on her soil to redeem her name from the world's scorn. She has talked of disunion and whipping the free States for nearly twenty years. Why does she not begin that interesting enterprise? What is she waiting for? Her population is becoming lighter each day, while her enemy is becoming stronger. If she ever intends chastising all of that portion of mankind which is so miserable as to live outside of the shadows of her palmettos, it is high time that she should turn her hand to the business. She has talked enough in all conscience, and having befooled herself in the estimation of the world, she should speedily undertake to devastate the globe or close her termagant lips and meet the fate that is fast overspreading her with as much grace and decency as possible.

From the New Orleans Courier.

Corporation of Coloured Men!—There is an article in this morning's *Crescent*, written by a correspondent of that paper, which mentions a rumour that the governor is about to grant a charter of incorporation to a body of coloured men, calling themselves Free Masons, under the general law of incorporations. The article also says, it is reported the Attorney General has officially declared that the Governor has the power to grant the charter in question. This is no light matter, as the Correspondent of the *Crescent* justly remarks. Not only the constitutional power of the Governor to grant the charter should be looked into, but also the expediency of granting it. Recollect the charter would give corporate privileges to a secret society of coloured men, assuming the honoured style and title of "Free and accepted Masons!" A secret society of coloured men, many of whom may be fresh from the Abolition dens of Philadelphia and New York, established in the city of New Orleans! We cannot believe that His Excellency Governor Johnson ever thought of encouraging such an institution, although the Attorney General may have decided that the granting of the charter would not be unlawful. It shows a monstrous degree of impudence in the free negroes of this city to request such a grant, and it evinces in those people an equal share of folly and indiscretion. A lodge of negroes, pretending to be Free Masons, sitting in this city, would probably lead to serious violations of the peace; for we are sure public opinion would never tolerate it.

Should the Governor grant this charter, it will have been obtained under false pretences; the condition of these people is misrepresented to the Governor—the condition of those negroes is not such as they present it to him; negroes are not Free Masons, and cannot be. The mode in which those people assemble and work is spurious—they were taught it by some renegade impostor who knew nothing of true Masonry. To style this body of negroes a lodge of Free Masons is a misnomer, a perversion of terms. They are not, and, as we just now said, they cannot be Free Masons. What grand lodge do they recognize as having jurisdiction over them? What Grand Lodge gave them the privilege of organizing as a Masonic body? By whom, when, and where was their master installed into authority?

The whole thing is a mockery, a delusion—if it be not something worse. We are sure the Governor never contemplated the granting of an incorporation to this gang of negroes—for he knows how dangerous an instrument a secret society of such people would be for Northern Abolitionists to work with.

The article in the *Crescent* refers his Excellency to the act of 1812, granting a charter to the Grand Lodge of Louisiana; wherein he may find that granting a charter to this body of negroes may conflict with the terms on which the Grand Lodge is incorporated.

But we say these negroes have gone to the Governor with a lie in their mouths. They are not and cannot be free masons: they are not recognized by any Grand Lodge nor by any lodge of true masons whatever. There would be as much propriety in styling them a lodge of free masons as there would be in calling them a committee of the American Congress.

New Orleans is not yet ripe for such an institution. We have seen an organized body of men calling themselves "Fillmore Rangers;" but we hope never to see the day when Masonry shall be insulted and the public peace endangered by a chartered and legally established body of negroes calling themselves Free Masons.

From the (Ga.) Miscellany.

White and Negro Mechanics.—We are gratified to perceive that our remarks, of week before last, in reference to the evil of permitting negroes to work at mechanical trades, has drawn out our able friend of the "Muscogee Democrat" in defence of the position assumed by us. The fact is the evil *must* be checked, and that right speedily, else it will require a stronger power than is at all times at the command of the Civil Authorities to prevent the bursting forth of the "flame" hinted at in the subjoined article, commendatory of ours, which we copy from the "*Democrat*" of last week; and we heartily unite with that paper in soliciting the aid of the Press to arrest this growing evil:

"The Editor of the 'Miscellany' is right. No such thing as a regular *apprenticeship* to a mechanical trade will ever be adopted in the South, so long as Negroes are *elevated* to the same rank with apprentices, No master mechanic cares to place his son upon an equality with his bondsman—and if he did, the pride of his son would revolt against any such arrangement. Hence, one of two things is inevitable. Either the mechanic arts in the South will degenerate and well-skilled artisans will become scarce, or the practice of instructing Negroes in various trades must cease! As a consequence of the first, we shall perpetuate to a ruinous extent that class of idle, loafing, vagabond white boys, that are now *growing to seed* in all manner of wickedness before they are out of their *teens*, for want of useful employment. A five or seven years apprenticeship to a useful trade would, on the contrary, tend to better manners and morals, as well as greater independence of character in after life, were not the mechanical professions filled by slaves!

"Even at the North, they will not suffer the black race, nominally *free*, to engage in mechanic pursuits to any extent. Maj. Noah of N. Y. draws the following graphic picture of their condition:

"'Here at the North, the poor blacks are not permitted to work along side of the white man. We reduce them to the lowest grades of civilization by making them our servants, our waiters and our dependants. Once, they were permitted to follow the humble employment of carrying up the bricks and mortar, but they were kicked from the ladder by our white fellow-citizens. They clean boots, scour clothes, but are not permitted to clean streets—they do not own or command a ship; they are only cooks and stewards—they are not merchants, bankers or brokers—they hold no public appointment, and are rudely thrust from our cars and carriages—we do not eat with them, and in our places of amusement, there are pens and divisions in which they may sit by themselves.'

"All of which is corroborated by the remark of the Rev. Theodore Parker, in a late sermon delivered in Boston, on the subject of poverty. He said that:

"'The blacks in New England are despised and frowned down, not admitted to the steamboat, the omnibus, to the school-houses in Boston; or even to the meeting-house with white men; not often allowed to work in company with the whites, and so they are kept in poverty.'

"Here in the South, this state of things is fast being reversed. 'Tis the white man—the mechanic—that is kept in poverty, because of the *servile* competition which is forced upon him! We therefore solicit the aid of the Press to arrest this growing evil. Let the negro race be kept in their proper position, the position which the *pseudo* philanthropists of the North, according to Maj. Noah, assign to their free blacks. To the menial employments of the household and the field—as servants, waiters, dependants and labourers—let them be confined, ere a worse thing happens to the community from the bursting forth of that wrath which has been sufficiently long nursed, already, in the breasts of white mechanics, to be easily fanned into a flame of fearful indignation! 'We speak as unto wise men. Judge ye.'"

From the [St. Louis] Liberia Advocate.

Slavery.—The agitations of the public mind on the subject of Slavery, are to be deplored by all who love their country and its republican institutions. The curse of Slavery has been entailed upon us by the folly and rapacity of the British Government before the revolution; the colonists then made a noble effort to avert the evil but they were powerless, and the consequence is that the black curse is fastened on us. We hope for the success of the cause of Colonization of free blacks on the coast of Africa; and look forward with hope to the future time when Slavery will cease to exist in the United States, and that by peaceful, legal and constitutional means. We deeply regret that among the evils resulting from Slavery, are the fierce and dangerous animosities that subsist between different portions of the confederacy, and which are fostered and perpetuated by the injudicious course of some of our politicians. Patriotic concession is required whenever the subject of Slavery is agitated in these States. Wisdom and prudence are necessary in order to prevent great mischief to the Union, and the opinions of all should be freely tolerated, and every man should utter his sentiments with candor and boldness. The union of the States is our only sure guarantee for liberty and independence, and no discussion on this subject should be permitted to endanger the great federal arch. The value of the Union far exceeds the price of all the slaves in our country, and cannot be properly weighed in the balance as against this species of property. The fanaticism and violence that are engendered by Slavery are dangerous to the country and ought to be restrained by enlightened public sentiment. Citizens of this free republic do wrong to permit themselves to be hurried into rash extremes, and all the best energies of our people should be directed to the preservation of the Union. The Union is far more valuable than California and New Mexico, and far more important than any of the questions that grow out of the ownership of that country. This great republic should be distinguished by the moderation and dignity of its people, and not by rash violence and intolerance. All sectional animosities should be avoided, and every citizen should be content, even if important questions are determined contrary to his individual opinions and wishes. Partizans are apt in the heat of controversy to attach undue importance to questions of little moment, and to torture themselves with fictions, fears and unfounded apprehensions of danger. Some of them try to lash themselves into rage, because the people will not acquiesce in their abstractions and conform to their capricious notions; but the duty of republican citizens is to avoid such extravagant extremes, to adhere to the Constitution, to sustain the Union, and to cherish the kindest and most liberal feelings to their fellow citizens in other portions of our common country. A heavy moral responsibility now rests on the American people; for if they shall become violent and intolerant and separate the Union, a scene of tempestuous anarchy will ensue; and the Old World will declare that a republican form of government is impracticable, that the experiment has been tried under the most favourable auspices and has failed; that the people are incapable of self government. To avoid such fatal results it is incumbent on all American citizens to cultivate peace and harmony, and to oppose all measures that squint at nullification and disunion.

From the Augusta [Ga.] Republic.

Mr. Clay's Letter on Emancipation.—We thought of publishing, in to-day's paper, Mr. Clay's recent letter to Richard Pindell, Esq. on the subject of Slavery Emancipation in Kentucky. But it is long, and the following synopsis, which we cut from an exchange paper, gives a pretty fair statement of its positions.

* * *

We thought, at one time, of reviewing the letter, with a view to an examination of the practicability of the scheme, to point out the many difficulties which would attend it. But as the matter more immediately concerns the people of Kentucky, we shall not trouble our readers with them.

Mr. Clay is evidently opposed to Slavery, and regrets its existence in the country. He thinks it wrong, and aspires to achieve for Kentucky, the name of the *Pioneer* State, in freeing the country from it. Of course, then, his doctrine, if carried out, would lead to the Abolition of Slavery in every State in which it now exists. We differ in opinion with Mr. Clay. Slavery is a blessing rather than an evil. Any one will look in vain to find the negro as well off in any spot upon the habitable globe, as in the Southern States. In Liberia, the great republican colony of free blacks in Africa, Slavery already exists. Blacks are the slaves of blacks. It can scarcely be otherwise, when the natives, from the interior, will bring their fellows to Liberia for sale, and a few pounds of tobacco can purchase a little boy or girl.

A convention of the people of Kentucky is soon to be had, for the purpose of amending the constitution of that State. It is supposed that the subject of the gradual emancipation of Slavery will enter into its deliberations.

The doctrine is generally entertained at the South, as well as the North, that any State has the right to abolish Slavery. We do not concur in this opinion, however popular or general it may be. Hence we cannot coincide with the legal doctrine, taken for granted in Mr. Clay's letter, any more than we can with the moral. We think that even Mr. Clay's great influence will fail to make Kentucky adopt his plan, however plausible and cautious it may be. We regret to see the movement at this time, particularly, when the South is threatened with a prostration of her sacred rights. We must wait and see what the result may be. If Kentucky should take measures to place herself in a position hostile to the institutions of the other Southern States, it will devolve upon them to devise the most proper means for self-protection.

It is well known that we gave Mr. Clay the warmest support for a Presidential nomination previous to the decision of the Whig National Convention. Many of our readers know we declared, at the out-set, that we would not support him if he was in favour of the Wilmot Proviso.

The same consistent regard for justice and Southern rights and safety, impel us to speak as we now do, of this great man, whose genius and public services secured our admiration, and enlisted our sympathies. But we never had a dream of love for a man, who could steel our deeper affections from our "native land," her safety, her rights, and her honour.

From the Louisville Journal

Mr. Clay's Letter on Emancipation.—The attention of our readers will be powerfully attracted by the letter of Mr. Clay, giving his views on emancipation, which we publish this morning. The opinions now promulged by Mr. Clay are those which it is well known he has through life entertained in regard to Slavery, and his views as to the course which Kentucky should now pursue in relation to this institution are not unexpected. A vast majority of the people of Kentucky love and venerate Mr. Clay and are prepared to give his opinions on all subjects the most favourable consideration In regard to emancipation at this time, however, it is quite certain a very large majority of the people of this State differ from Mr. Clay, and we do not think it at all likely that this majority will change its opinions. Our own views on this subject have been fully stated in previous numbers of our paper. These views were deliberately formed and are still entertained by us. It will be observed that Mr. Clay agrees with us in thinking that, though Slavery in Kentucky is an evil, it is not of such magnitude that every other interest in the State should be sacrificed or endangered on account of it. Nor is it so monstrous a curse that no delay can be endured in getting rid of it or thought taken of the immediate consequences which would flow from emancipation. Mr. Clay considers emancipation without colonization worse than Slavery; for without colonization he is utterly opposed to any scheme of emancipation.

And we are glad to perceive that we have Mr. Clay's sanction for another of our positions, namely, that if it should be evident that a majority of the people of Kentucky are opposed to emancipation the question should not be agitated That a very decided majority of the people of Kentucky are at this time opposed to emancipation there is no doubt, and it is equally certain a still larger majority are averse to agitating the question in the coming canvass for delegates to the convention. And we trust that all emancipationists who respect the opinions and the advice of Mr. Clay will, in view of this fact, at once abandon all intention of raising the question of emancipation in the approaching elections. Let the best men of all parties be selected as delegates to the convention without regard to their opinions on emancipation. A contrary course would unquestionably place the convention under the control of the extremest radicals in the State, a result which all good men must deplore as one of the heaviest calamities that could befall us.

The tone and spirit of Mr. Clay's letter cannot be too highly commended. He evidently writes under an impulse of duty, and, though we differ from him on material points, we honour him for the manly manner in which he utters his sentiments and more for his patriotic acquiescence in whatever course the people may decide upon.

From the Louisville Democrat.

☞ We give place to the following as an act of justice to a large denomination of Christians. We are always gratified to receive a correction from a reliable source, as this is:

"Messrs. Editors: I saw an admission in your paper last week, which I think is calculated to do a majority of the ministers of the Gospel in this State, injustice. You gave as your opinion, that most of this class of men are in favour of the present movement for the emancipation of the slaves. In this I think you were mistaken. The Baptist is the most numerous denomination in Kentucky, having more communicants than the Methodists and Presbyterians united. I speak advisedly when I assure you that most of the Baptist preachers are opposed to agitating the subject of Slavery, in any way, in the approaching convention. As an evidence of the feelings of our ministry upon this subject—although we number several hundred—there were only two present at Frankfort at the Anti-Slavery convention, according to their published account. As a ministry, we are opposed to mingling in politics. But being ardent friends of good order and the interests of our beloved State, we are unwilling that any undue influence should be secured to Northern fanaticism, or its legitimate offspring, (Anti-Slaveryism in Kentucky,) by assigning us a wrong position.

I also understand—and I derived my information from those acquainted with the facts in the premises—that the ministry among the reformed, who are also a numerous denomination, are generally opposed to the present wild and unreasonable movement upon the subject of emancipation.

I feel, sirs, that it is due to the denomination of which I am a member, as well as necessary to the interest of the cause of truth, that your attention should be called to the above facts.

Hoping that success will attend every laudable effort which may be made through the columns of your valuable paper to thwart the schemes of the present agitators of Slavery,

"I remain yours, &c.
"A BAPTIST PREACHER."

From the (S. C.) Telegraph.

The "Peculiar Institutions" of the North.—The last accounts of the New York riots confirms our idea of the dangers awaiting the Northern people from the spirit of hostility between the rich and poor, and the Agrarian tendencies of the latter.

Viewed in this light the late riots have a deep significance and may convince them whose institutions are most in peril, theirs or ours. The *Conservative* power in this Union is to be found at the South, and the march of events will soon convince Northern fanatics of this fact, to their cost.

In Pennsylvania another riot is threatened, requiring Military interposition. The Baltimore Sun says:

The boatmen are on a strike at Easton, Pa. On Friday they paraded through the borough, numbering probable over two hundred men on horseback, and about four hundred more were on foot, preceeded by a band of music. A large majority of the people evidently sympathize with the boatmen. A letter to the Pennsylvanian, uses the following language:

"I am told that a gentleman has gone to Harrisburg to obtain a requisition from the Governor for the arrest of some of the principal men, and for authority to the sheriff to call out the military."

From the Lafayette Statesman.

The Growth of Anti-Slavery Influence at the North has been truly rapid. But a few years since agitation was confined to a few mad fanatics, who had neither the confidence of practical men nor the fellowship of the devout; but the doctrines of this despised faction, slightly modified, now tincture all the Northern States. There is but a slight step from Free-Soilism to moderate Abolitionism; and events are driving the mass of the people to leap the intermediate barrier. Numbers have given popularity to the cause, and rendered it fashionable; and the influences of its doctrines are felt in our national councils. Every free State Legislature has declared against the claims of the South; and those are not wanting who have expressed hostility against the continuance of Slavery where it is now guaranteed by the Constitution. From territory where bondage is not established scarcely a representative in Congress can be mentioned but opposes the extension of Slavery into the new territories. In the Senate, Allen from Ohio voted with the South, and an advocate of Free Soil succeeded him; Hannegan sustained the compromises of the constitution and his political career ended; Breese for the same action was superseded, and Walker has been requested to resign. Who can enumerate the thousands of politicians, from ex-president Van Buren down to the oracle of a country village, who have joined the enemies of the South? Churches which have sustained every shock have been broken in pieces by this sectional agitation, and fellowship around the common altar of religion no longer exists. The sudden acquisition of new territory has given this once despised faction of political agitators their importance. Where will it end? Not in the dissolution of the Union, as many fear. Providence, which has watched over these States in their infancy and guarded them in every danger, still provides for their safety. The discovery of immense deposites of gold has filled the wild and desolate region just acquired with thousands of bold and adventurous spirits; and they will decide the question at issue between the North and the South, before it can create serious results. Already have they called a convention to frame a civil government and adopt a constitution. 'Ere the next Congress assembles they will be ready to knock for admission, into the Union as a new State, or will be prepared to set up an independent government for themselves. This will remove the cause of dissention which now assembles conventions at the South, and sends out missionaries of abolition from the North. The friends of the Union will acquire an impregnable position from which to resist the wild assaults of religious fanaticism and and ambition.

From the (Jackson, Miss.) Southron

MR. CLAY'S LETTER.

Mr. Clay's letter to Rd. Pindell, in favour of the gradual emancipation of slaves in Kentucky, to which we briefly referred last week, will be found published at length in our columns to-day. Its publication is no less due to the high position and great popularity of its distinguished author, than to the people of Mississippi and the South, from whose scrutiny nothing calculated to have even a *secondary* bearing upon a subject of such vast importance to their welfare, safety and happiness, should be withheld by the press. The institution of Slavery is purely local in its nature, and no one will question the constitutional right of the people of any State to establish or abolish it within their own borders, whenever, to them, it may seem expedient or proper so to do. Mr. Clay, as a citizen of Kentucky, only exercises his unquestionable rights in advising such a course of policy in reference to this delicate subject, as he thinks best calculated to promote the prosperity of his Kentucky fellow-citizens; nor can the citizens of other States justly complain of any action which that State may adopt in the premises, so long as it does not infringe on the rights of others, or violate those compromises of the Constitution so essential to national harmony and good understanding as well as to the perpetuity of the Union. There will, of course, be various opinions as to the policy and expediency of Emancipation in Kentucky at this particular time; but there can be no division of opinion as to the fact, that such a measure (although not so intended,) is calculated,—by sloughing off, so to speak,—to weaken Southern influence, as well as lead to an unhealthy increase of the aggregate slave population of the extreme Southern States, unless measures be adopted to counteract its natural and inevitable consequences. While conceding Mr. Clay's right to urge, and the right of Kentuckins to adopt measures looking to gradual emancipation, this and other Southern States will not be true to their own interests unless they pass laws to guard against the secondary, or incidental influence which the measure must have upon their own safety and prosperity. We have no idea that any considerable number of the members of the approaching Convention in Kentucky will be prepared to adopt Mr. Clay's suggestions. On the contrary, we believe with the last number of the *Frankfort Commonwealth*, that "an overwhelming majority" of its citizens, at this time, "opposed to any scheme of emancipation," mediate or remote. Be this as it may, the tendency of the public sentiment in Kentucky is evidently verging in that direction; and the opinions and arguments of such a man as Mr. Clay cannot fail to give it increased momentum, and hasten the period of its consummation. It may be 20 or 30 years before public opinion in that State will be ripe for emancipation; but the Southern legislator who does not endeavour to look twenty or thirty years ahead on a subject of such vital importance to his constituents, has but few claims to the attributes of a statesman. In no State in the Union should the servile outnumber the governing race. Mississippi and South Carolina are the only States where such a state of things exist; and this alone, apart from other considerations, should prompt Mississippi to shape its policy so as to produce a reversal of the relative numerical preponderance of the two races. Should our State deem it necessary to adopt measures to guard against the effects upon her prosperity of the emancipation policy of the border States, she has an early and memorable precedent to justify her in so doing, in the course adopted by North Carolina, even *before* the adoption of the Federal Constitution. In that State (as appears from the remarks of Mr. Williamson, one of her delegates, as given in Madison's Debates,) the Legislature levied a tax of £5 per head on all slaves imported into the State from foreign countries; £10 upon all brought from other States, and £50 per head upon all those brought from other States which had passed laws legalizing or "*licensing their manumission*." We do not know whether, under the present Federal Constitution, such power of discrimination can be legally exercised, but the power of prohibiting the importation of slaves altogether is an unquestioned and acknowledged right, which has been often exercised.

The policy urged by Mr. Clay is the same as that advocated by Jefferson at an early period of his life; and as was subsequently urged upon the adoption of Virginia by Thomas J. Randolph, Gov. M'Dowell, Thomas Ritchie, and other of her distinguished citizens. His letter is frank and explicit; and, in fixing upon a future period for the *commencement* of the process of emancipation, he virtually says to those slaveholders whose stock of philanthropy is not adequate to the pecuniary sacrifice which the measure will involve: "If you do not like to incur the loss, you have plenty of time between this and 1860, to dispose of your slave property in the South; and the more of that species of property is sent away during the intervening time, the less sacrifice will Kentuckians have to make in carrying out their notions of philanthropy and policy." This, however, is all right enough. It is a fair business operation on the part of Kentuckians. Every community is governed, in its policy, by its own interest; and is perfectly justifiable in getting rid of its surplus, or unprofitable stock, and disposing of it in the best and most profitable market. We, however, have as much right, and are just as much in duty bound, to look to our particular interests as they are to theirs; and, also, to guard against the incidental bad effects which the policy of other States is likely to have on our prosperity. Should our next Legislature, therefore, be of opinion that we have already enough of slave property, and that it will be sound policy to guard against its further increase by other than natural means, they will doubtless re-enact the law repealed at the session of 1846-'7, with such amendments as will prevent it from being, as that was, a dead letter on our statute books.

From the Savannah Republican.

"High life Below Stairs."—A very respectable citizen called our attention on Saturday evening last, to a coloured man walking in the streets, who at that moment was puffing the smoke of his cigar into the face of a lady whom he met, and requested that we would call the attention of the authorities to the nuisance. With this request we cheerfully comply. There certainly is an ordinance strictly prohibiting this class of people from smoking in the streets, and that ordinance has at times been enforced with proper severity, but from the frequent instances of its violation, we are persuaded that but little attention has been paid to it for some time past. We hope that our authorities will take the thing vigorously in hand, and relieve the public at once from the annoyance. The coloured gentry of this city have, in our opinion, quite too many indulgences already, and there is *risk* enough of fires from white people smoking in the streets, without multiplying it by allowing the same privilege to the blacks. For one, we decidedly object to leaving the pavement in order to avoid the fumes of bad tobacco ejected from the mustached lips of those self-conceited dandies.

And while on this subject, we cannot refrain from observing (thanks to Liberia colonizing and speech-making and other sources,) a certain progressive deterioration in the coloured population of this city. We refer to their laxity in certain essential particulars, such as obedience, industry, healthy moral restraint, exemption from improper indulgences, honesty, &c., &c. Reasonable liberty and reasonable indulgence to these people is certainly commendable; but we suppose that not a week passes that some hired negroes of either sex, who justly expect punishment for some gross disobedience, or other misconduct, or who perchance have received punishment, do not coolly walk home to their masters and mistresses, who, instead of sending them back to work out their engagement, too often take the very course to ruin them, by siding with and protecting them.

The taste for dress and the extravagant gratification of it to which these people are so prone, have also a very demoralizing effect. This taste perhaps, is productive of good if confined within proper limits, but when it runs riot it becomes the devil's own work. A peasant woman of most countries on the Continent of Europe would be ashamed to substitute a bonnet for her distinctive turban or handkerchief for the head with its peculiar knot and ends falling on one side, and she would lose caste if she made such a change; but with our *city* coloured people the old fashioned turban seems to be fast disappearing. It is too humble—it is not up to the times. It may do for some veteran "*mommer*" or contented drudge, but for many others fashion requires that a genteel bonnet, flaunting in all the pride of coloured ribbons, should usurp its place. At least a hood, a sun bonnet, or some other *apology* is more respectable, more genteel, more indicative of correct taste, of a *study* after *becoming effects*. Is a tunic or sack the mode with white ladies? Tunics and sacks flutter about the streets on coloured shoulders as thick as the leaves in Monument-square, and all these luxuries must be paid for in some way or another, while the young coloured girls, not yet in their teens, must often have their "pantalettes" edged with lace. This ambition of dress is absolutely a disease. The lady's maid treads upon the heels of her mistress in this regard, and *Dick* and *Jack* often leave their more negligent masters far behind. It would make the most zealous fanatic jump with joy, to see their choice favourites among the human race frollicking in an absolute excess of dandyism—in the unrestrained enjoyment of their favourite tastes. And then the exemption of so many from wholesome labour would delight the Northern zealots. There are so many things to interfere with the Divine command that bread should be earned by the sweat of the brow—there are so many aches and pains, so much imaginary suffering of the keenest kind to be assuaged by pills and plasters and cataplasms and embrocations—so much rheumatism and pleurisy, so many delicate situations, and all-overish feelings—and then the real suffering from these execrable mixtures sold in the shops under the names of brandy, rum and whiskey, as well as from other causes—all these make up a heavy account to be carried to the credit of what is sometimes called humanity and to the debit of the purse. Indeed the habitual condition of the "*people about the house*" is one of semi-sickness. The step up stairs and down is slow and "long drawn out," like a wounded snake—the voice is weak and faltering, and when a question is asked the answer comes so low, and so slow, that human nature is exhausted before the lazy sentence is completed. Verily, we cannot help thinking that the greater part of the scale on which the duties of our servants is arranged, has got down far below the concert pitch, and wants tuning up both in a public and private sense.

The number of *little niggers* in this city is really quite amazing. Every prospect is habitually *clouded* by their presence. Heaven must rain manna down upon their little heads, for they have nothing to do but "eat molasses and swing on the gates," and if they had not some invisible commissariat at their disposal, they would certainly impoverish their owners. Ascending in the scale of age, there may be at least five hundred people in this city who lead a life quite unprofitable to their masters and mistresses, compared to what might fairly be expected. There is a large class who, not interested, so far as contented industry, good morals, and permanent happiness are concerned, would be consulted, by being sold to work on the plantations remote from cities, and from the allurements of a prurient and ambitious fashion. We must have sumptuary laws.—Something must be done for these people, or our pavements must be widened for their special accommodation.

From the (Columbia, S. C.) Telegraph.

The Feeling at the North, and at the South.—A friend who has just returned from a business trip to the Northern and Eastern States—(a most intelligent merchant of this place)—has given us some interesting and valuable information as to the impressions made on his mind by observation and intercourse with "the natives" he met, or had dealings with.

He states the fact without hesitation, that there seems to be *but one sentiment* pervading the whole mass of the Northern people in relation to the Free Soil question;—and that while the more influential portion of them deprecate any interference with Slavery as it stands in the old States, all refuse to allow any but free (white) labour to be introduced into our new territories.

He says there is little excitement, but a cold calm determination to *exclude* the South from the Territories under all circumstances—even should the people of California consent that Slavery should be introduced there, when it is ready to come in as a State.

The Abolitionists are but a fragment of the Free Soil party, which now absorbs all other parties, who, differing on other points all agree on this.—This condition of feeling he observed no exceptions to—and a more dangerous state of things for the future Equality of the South, and the maintenance of her just rights, it is difficult to conceive of. Against a noisy fanaticism we could easily make fight with the weapons of reason, ridicule and common sense. Against open assaults and "*overt acts*" of aggression, we could rally the South to the rescue; for, to a man her sons would march into the "imminent deadly breach" could they *but see their enemy!*—Such is not the policy of our assailants. The Northern people are calculating and cautious (it would be a base libel to call them cowardly, for the soil of America, and our free institutions nurture none such,) and they slowly sap our strength; profit by our divisions; concentrate their own public sentiment into one point, while seeking by ridicule and mockery to paralyze and frustrate our efforts at concerted and combined action: work upon our sensibilities by appealing to the "*blessings of the Union*" which they are converting into curses: that the South, like a blind Sampson, may be made their menial through a generous confidence. And they will effect their purpose, unless Southern men will shake off the fatal apathy, and yet more fatal devotion to partizan prejudices, which paralyze all combination and concert for the common safety, and subject those who "agitate" to the derision of their exulting enemies who *hate* because they *fear* the very idea of A Great Southern League demanding *Equality of rights with the North*. If to claim this as our right—to resist all infractions of plighted faith, and "agitate" for action upon foul wrongs, insults and injuries hourly perpetuated upon the citizens of the South—be "rebellion" and "treason" (as even *Southern* presses! have stigmatized it) then we rejoice to hear those titles, which in "the days that tried mens souls" our fathers bore, and for oppressions and wrongs *less* grievous far; for they came not from those who called us "*brethren*" but "children," and who sought not to rob us of a heritage bought with the blood of our best and bravest.

A solemn crisis of our National History is near at hand. He must be blinded by terror, or by *treasonable instincts*, who cannot or will not look it in the face—and it is the part of prudence as well as of patriotism to prepare to meet it like men.

Let those then who shiver over the very word—"Secession"—take heed lest their *over-caution* does not call down upon their heads hereafter the dread imprecation invoked by the Poet on a *voluntary* traitor, for *their* timidity is reason to their own hearths and homes, as well as to the enduring permanence of the Union.

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might."

The true friends of the Constitution and the Union are those who stand prepared to protect and defend both in their original purity, who court no craven compromises with fanaticism, with fraud or

with folly—who ask for nothing but what is right, and will submit to nothing that is wrong. The enemies *of both* are the Free-soilers of the North, and those who give them "aid and comfort" at the South.

These now are the two great parties in this country, and every man must *take his side*. On ours all who are not *for* are *against us*—the neutrals are allies of the enemy.

From the (Mobile) Advertiser.

☞ WHAT NEXT.—They have started a negro free school in Mobile, where free negroes are taught the common branches of an English education. If we are not very much mistaken, there is a law in Alabama which, if put in force, would entail very unpleasant consequences upon the originators of this abolition movement.

The above is from the New Orleans Bulletin.—We would say to our friends of the Bulletin, that these Creoles, for whom a school has been established here, are of French and Spanish descent. They are those, and the descendants of those, who were in this city, or its vicinity, when it was transferred to the United States, and to whom, by treaty, certain rights and privileges of citizenship were guaranteed. It is true that all the descendants do not mingle up on an equality with the highest class of society, neither do they with the slave population. They are neither treated nor regarded as negroes. They are humble, unobtrusive, uniformly quiet, industrious and respectable. Many of a similar cast receive greater privileges and have arrived at higher distinction in New Orleans or we are much mistaken Our cotemporary is unnecessarily alarmed.

AS MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.—Since the publication of the letter of Mr. Clay on the subject of Slavery, the "abolition" papers have opened their batteries upon him with renewed vigour. One of them denounces it as the coldest piece of heartless indifference to the sufferings of humanity that the world has ever produced. Another declares that none but a mind that had been benumbed by the deadening influence of a residence in the midst of Slavery, could have made such propositions as it contains. A third one says, "The friends and zealous friends of liberty will have, in this letter, painful but complete evidence of the utter want, in Kentucky, of any true Anti-Slavery principle. There is, indeed, in that State we know, a small body of men of the right spirit, to whom all praise is due, for the bold, truthful, and energetic action in the cause of freedom. But the controlling influence of the State will be such as Mr. Clay's letter foreshadows, or perhaps even worse." The ground of their denunciation is that he does not favour immediate emancipation, and connects it, when accomplished, with a removal of the slaves to Liberia.—*Presbyterian (Louisville) Herald.*

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1849.

Advertisement.

The NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is published on Thursday of every week by The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY at its office, 142 Nassau street, New York.

As the object of the Society is the ABOLITION OF AMERICAN CHATTEL SLAVERY, which is sustained, and can exist only, by virtue of a corrupt public sentiment, so the purpose of the Society's Organ, the STANDARD, is to establish the great truth, by facts of experience, and appeals to reason and common sense, that Slavery is economically, politically, morally, and religiously, a gigantic error, and a sin of the deepest dye, and should, therefore, be immediately, totally, and unconditionally, abandoned. It enforces the duty of secession from the body of a Church which palliates or defends such a system, and repudiates a Union whose common bond is the oppression of one sixth of the people.

It is the aim of those to whose management the paper is entrusted to make it, not only a faithful and earnest exponent of the highest Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country, but also a complete history of the progress of the Anti Slavery cause. A portion of its columns is always devoted to selections from other papers, both Northern and Southern, presenting, so far as it is presented through the public press, the pro-slavery or Anti-Slavery complexion of the different sections of the Union.

It is designed also to be a good *family newspaper*, and contains in addition a brief synopsis of the most important current intelligence. Its fourth page is exclusively of a literary character, and is carefully collated from the best Foreign and Domestic Publications.

The STANDARD is edited by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, EDMUND QUINCY, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. Mr. Gay is the resident editor, and its chief management is entrusted to him. Each number of the paper will contain an article in the editorial columns from either Mr. Quincy or Mr Lowell over their proper initials.

RICHARD D. WEBB of Dublin, whose letters to the *Standard* have excited so much attention hitherto, for their just and discriminating view of Irish affairs, and for their general great ability and interest, will continue a regular correspondent of the paper.

Its price is $2 per annum, and the Executive Committee confidently and earnestly commend it to the patronage of the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and all all opponents of American Slavery, as worthy, both for its object and its character, of their support

The Presbyterians of the Old and New Schools.

The portions of our Pro-Slavery Zion which these two divisions of the Saints are set to defend have been safe in their hands. The Bulwark of Slavery, as Mr. Birney aptly denominated the American Church, has been manfully defended upon those parts of its battlements of which they are the garrison. Whatever may be the theological heresies which have sundered the two schools of American Presbyterians, there can be no question as to their Orthodoxy on the grand cardinal doctrine of American Faith. They may fight among themselves, as becomes Christians who have a proper sense of the Glory of God and the True End of Man; but, like the Jewish Sects, as soon as the Temple of our National Holy of Holies is in danger, they forgot their common broils and think only of the common danger. There have been many plans suggested, Conventions held and Movements set on foot for the promotion of Christian Union among the warring sects of this country. But they have all failed for the lack of a proper basis upon which to build it. We marvel that the one grand central Doctrine upon which all American Christians, of every denomination, who are absolutely above all suspicion of heresy,—"*omni suspicione major*,"—are cordially agreed, viz, the Impeccable Essence and Innate Divinity of Slavery, is not made the common tie to bind them together in a Perfect and Heavenly Union. We know of no other Rock upon which the American Church Universal can be built. The fact that it was the Rock on which the scheme for a World's Church Universal, in the shape of the Evangelical Alliance, split three years ago, in London, shows how firm and unyeilding is its nature and how fit, therefore, to be the Corner Stone of our Ecclesiastical as well as of our Republican Institutions.

The demonstrations of the General Assembly of the New School, held at Philadelphia, have been the most full and satisfactory, or at least the most fully reported. The subject was brought before the Convention by sundry Memorials from Synods, Presbyteries and individuals conveying the cool request that the Assembly would free the Presbyterian Church from all participation and communion with Slavery. The disposition of these impertinences was referred to a Committee, of which the Rev. Dr. Beman, a repentant and reformed Abolitionist, by a singular felicity, was made the Mouthpiece. The Report graciously admits that these Memorials "are sufficiently respectful in their language, and grave and weighty in their opinions and arguments to demand the wise and prayerful consideration of the Assembly;" which consideration, it modestly adds, "it may say without arrogance or boasting, they have received from the Committee"! The result of this wisdom, and the answer to these prayers, may be read in the following axioms of Christian Ethics and crumbs of ghostly counsel.

Your committee would deprecate two errors into which minds of different and opposite structures, on this and all similar subjects, are liable to fall—one class forget that we live in an age of progress, and the other forget that the first step in progress is not perfection. In relation to both of these great truths here alluded to, we should, as rational beings, and as Christians, be *ready to obey the intimations of Providence, and to follow the guidance of the torch-light of truth, which the hand of God holds up before us, to go forward as that goes onward, and to move no faster than its blessed radiance is shed upon our pathway* (!) All theories, where they come to put on the forms of experience, must yield to the authority of uniform and universal facts; and both progressives and conservatives might render themselves much more comfortable as well as useful in our world, if they were more deeply imbued with this one practical truth.—These remarks apply with great force *to all evils which are interwoven with the very texture of social organizations*, AND SLAVERY IS BY NO MEANS AN EXCEPTION (!!!)

Thus it appears that those brethren who are thus unseasonably anxious for the purification of the Church from Slavery, are in danger of outstripping God and leaving him and "the torch-light of truth, which his hand holds up," behind them in their Anti-Slavery career! And that the intimations of Providence, if obeyed, would lead to the continued extension of the communion of the Church to slaveholders, and consequently, of its countenance to Slavery! This may be a very comfortable sort of Divine Providence for sleek Doctors in Divinity; but we doubt whether it be not one from whose care the slaves perishing in the rice-swamps and sugar-houses of pious Presbyterians in Carolina or Louisiana would pray to be delivered The attempt, in this paragraph, to settle the question by begging it, to dispose of it by taking for granted the whole point at issue, might deserve to be called Jesuitical were the art not almost too inartificial to merit the compliment. Of course, the Memorialists demanding action take it for granted that the intimations of Providence lead to the denunciation and repudiation of Slavery as a crime of the highest magnitude, and that the torch-light of truth in the hand of God makes plain as noon-day the path to the opening of the prison-doors and the deliverance of them that are are bound. Nobody denies that Slavery is interwoven with the very texture of social organizations;" the question is whether protection by the State does not make it the more imperative upon the Church to withdraw the light of her countenance from it.

The Report then recommends the reaffirming of the former action of the General Assembly. That of 1815 which recognizes the unavoidableness of "the transfer of slaves, under certain circumstances," and condemns not the traffic, but the abuse of it. 2. That of 1818, which is the best testimony in general terms the Church ever bore, but lacking the Prophetic distinctness of denunciation—"Thou art the man!" And 3. that of 1846 which refuses to determine the degree of moral turpitude of individual slaveholders, or to pronounce "a general and promiscuous condemnation of them, implying that destitution of Christian principles and feeling which should exclude from the table of the Lord all who stand in the legal relation of masters and slaves (qu. *to* slaves?) or justify us in withholding our ecclesiastical and Christian fellowship from them. *We would rather sympathize with them*, and would seek to succour them in *their embarrassments*, believing that separation and secession among the churches and their members are not the methods that God approves and sanctions for the reformation of his Church." We cannot sufficiently admire the truly National delicacy with which the ugly word Slavery is softened into an "EMBARRASSMENT!" It is of a piece with the tender care we take of our vocabulary. We are always thinking that we can hinder our sepulchres from stinking in the nostrils of the nations, if we do but keep them well whitewashed. And how do they think God would have them reform his Church, except by the discipline and excommunication of sinners? This is their process in case of the separate crimes of which Slavery is the aggregate. It seems that according to Presbyterian arithmetic, and it is by no means confined to them, "the sum of all villainies" is less than any one of its unity taken separately!

The Report then makes a sort of summary of the past action of the General Assembly, condemning Slavery, "in the abstract," as the phrase used to be, but recognizing "circumstances, over which good men have no control, which unavoidably prevent" their leaving off stealing men. And the concluding resolution affirms that, "we feel ourselves bound to add that there has been no information before this Assembly to prove that members of our church in the slave States are not *doing all they can* (situated as they are *in the Providence of God*), *to bring about the possession and enjoyment of liberty by the enslaved*; nor are there any facts before us, that they are living in the violation of all the duties growing out of their relations to Slavery, as it is continued in existence by the laws of their respective States; nor do we know that they tolerate any of those evils which ought to call forth the discipline of the church."

And there is no record that the slaveholding brethren laughed in the face of the Assembly! If they did not, they had more command of countenance than the Augurs of old. But they must have made themselves amends in their sleeves.

The Rev. Mr. Bassett, of Illinois, then moved the following as an amendment to the Report:

"Resolved, That Slavery is a great sin before God and man, and should be treated by the Church in the same manner as other gross immoralities."

These propositions, one would think, were necessarily deducible from the generalities of the Report itself; but it was evident that no such inferences were intended to be drawn from it. The wordy thunders of Old Presbyterianism might be permitted to roll in the distance; but as soon as any danger appeared of the flash striking anywhere, the conductor was promptly erected to disarm it of its power. The New School Presbyterianism, indulgent mother that she is, was not to be supposed to approve of the pecadilloes of her slaveholding sons, but she was also to make it plain by her actions that she liked them none the worse for them. When Mr. Bassett proceeded to maintain his amendment "*a very general opposition discovered itself to any general discussion of the subject!*" But the Pro-Slavery Saints were strong enough to be merciful, and discreet enough not to gag Free Speech, where it was morally certain of having no effect. So he was permitted to go on, and he made a very excellent and thorough Anti-Slavery Speech. He well exposed the cant of "brotherly love" by which the strong and the many had so often prevailed over the weak and the few who had from time to time attempted to uplift a faint protest against Slavery. He illustrated the manner in which these spiritual Boa Constrictors lubricate their victims before swallowing them, by the instance of a delegate from Illinois who was sent up expressly to bear an Anti-Slavery testimony, and being taken to task upon his return for not having done it, excused himself by saying that "there was so much said about *brotherly love*, and they had 'brothered' and 'brothered' away at him so much that he was totally overpowered and surrendered!"

After Mr. Bassett's thorough and searching exposition of the nature of Slavery and the duty of the Church towards it and his words of warning to her if she neglected it, the Rev. Mr. Beecher, we presume the Rev. Mr. Edward Beecher, the eminent discoverer of the elimination of guilt from sin when it is made Organic by human legislation, came to the rescue of the Report. He thought the amendment useless, because the Report sufficiently implied the sinfulness of Slavery. It proposed everything practicable. It forbid the slave traffic,—except for humane purposes! And "*those who cannot get rid of Slavery*," (cannot get rid of *a sin*!) are enjoined abstinence from cruelty! Chief Justice Hornblower, of New Jersey, followed in a speech of great earnestness, in support of Mr. Bassett's amendment. It was a speech Stephen Foster, himself, might have made. The brief report of it in the Evangelist we have copied in another place, and commend it to the attention of our readers. It will be seen that he spurns with becoming scorn the doctrine of Organic Sins, and exposes its wicked fallacies with indignant eloquence. But we apprehend that the Head of the New Jersey Law will find himself at issue with the learned Chancellor Walworth of New York, who sits in the seat of Livingston and of Kent, who suggested in the A. B. C. F. M. that it would not do to denounce polygamy, as it might interfere with the introduction of the Gospel into Turkey. "In my State," pronounced this Legal Oracle, "Polygamy is Felony—there it is lawful! *We cannot decide it, the circumstances of the case must decide it!*" Chief Justice Hornblower distinguished himself, we remember, at the meeting of the American Branch of the Evangelical Alliance in 1847, as the only one that had an emphatic word to utter against Slavery! And it is a curious fact that he was the only *layman* that belonged to it.

The eminent station and venerable age of Judge Hornblower, though the value of both conditions are understood by none better than Religious Bodies, procured no favour to his heresy. The correspondent of that fitting organ of American Piety and Pelf, the *Journal of Commerce*, thus describes his speech:

"We were surprised, however, at the denunciatory speech of Justice Hornblower, of N. J. With a flushed face, though with the shattered voice of age, he delivered himself in the severest manner against slaveholders, and chided Mr. Beecher hardly for his concessive and conservative views. He did not appear to much advantage, and his friends were somewhat mortified." (!)

The Rev. Dr. Ballard, of Missouri, who followed, began by an edifying intimation of his submission to the Divine Will. "He had no connection with Slavery; and, *God willing* (!) he never would have!" But, we must infer, if God should make it clear that it was His will that he should help himself to his neighbour, he would humbly submit himself to the leading of Providence! After a speech or two more, Mr. Bassett's amendment was almost unanimously lost; and, finally, the Report was adopted with only one or two dissenting votes. Dr. Leach, a slaveholder, characterized the whole proceeding fitly. He said, "he had moved the adoption of the Report as the best thing under the circumstances. *It was better for the South than any agitation could be.* They could now assure the people that it was the *old thing over again*; it was no more than they had become accustomed to!"

This, it will be remembered, is the action, or inaction, of the Progress party among the Presbyterians. If this were as fast as the swift could go, we need not waste many words in describing the sluggishness of the slow. The intruding subject was very perfunctorily despatched by them. The question coming up in the General Assembly of the Old School, held at Pittsburgh, May 25th, it was disposed of by the re-affirming of the action of 1845, declaring Slavery to be a purely secular institution, and that it is "*improper and inexpedient for this Assembly to attempt or propose any measures in the work of Emancipation*"! This action was taken with a single dissenting voice, that of the Rev. Edwin H. Nevin, of Ohio, who was the only one found to uplift a testimony against Slavery, and to resist the action of the Assembly, which he did with much perseverance and zeal. Failing in his purpose, he entered a solemn protest against it on the records; which was signed by *three* besides himself. And this was all that this powerful body, claiming to be the peculiar people of God and the true Household of Faith, had to say about the crime which robs every sixth soul in the nation of its every right and of all possibility of progress in happiness, knowledge and truth! And all to cover up the wickedness of the Reverend Elect robbers whom they embrace as the ordained apostles of God and the chosen brethren of Christ!

But this was not all that they did. O, no. They devoted much time to the reprobation of the ungodly practice of sitting during prayer, and passed very denunciatory resolutions against this wicked habit! The atrocious vice of Sunday travelling also came in for a large share of holy horror and righteous indignation. Indeed, so moved were their righteous souls in view of these and other defections of the time, that they appointed a day of Fasting and Prayer to avert the judgments of Heaven! But the Fast that the Lord hath chosen they reject and abhor. "Is not this the Fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke?" And thus the Pharisees and Hypocrites of this generation, for a pretence make long prayers, that they may devour the worse than widows and fatherless at their leisure! Does the English language contain language adequate to describe [illegible] strong enough to denounce, such inhumen hypocrisy as it deserves?—E. Q.

Progress on Long Island.

Our friends the Fosters, who have always been distinguished for the pertinacity with which they pursue an object which they have once undertaken to accomplish, without regard to obstacles, are still on Long Island. Their experience of the intelligence of the people of Hempstead did not prevent them from going to Flushing and holding the meeting under George Fox's Oak in accordance with the notice published in the last *Standard*, though they probably foresaw the reception which awaited them. They would, we have no doubt, had they lived in these days, have been behind Lot's wife in the flight from the doomed city, without any fear of a saline catastrophe, and in the devout hope of still finding some who would listen to a call for repentance; so they could not turn away from a spot where the great Quaker had preached, trusting that a few might still dwell there who had some perception of the truths taught by early Friends. But had Fox himself appeared in his leather breeches—and we can conceive of no more dreadful apparition to modern Quakerism—he would hardly have met with a worse reception. Of what that reception would be, they had a foretaste in a previous meeting which is thus spoken of in the *Flushing Journal:*

MOBOCRACY.—On Monday eveniny last, Stephen S. and Abby K. Foster undertook to deliver a Lecture on Slavery at National Hall. The room was crowded with listeners. The tone and tenor of the remarks of the speakers were so objectionable, that a portion of the audience, who had evidently come prepared to be dissatified, commenced throwing eggs at Abby and Stephen. The meeting broke up in a row, the speakers barely escaping with whole bones. A more disgraceful affair never occurred in this village, than this attack of a pack of rowdies to use violence against a helpless man and woman. Abby and her helpmate are entitled to their opinions, whatever they may be, as much as those who would use violence to restrain them from uttering their sentiments. If the speakers uttered objectionable sentiments, the proper way to treat the offence was to leave the room. The speakers would not have continued to address empty benches. It is too bad that some ten or a dozen mobocrats should be possessed of the power to disgrace by such actions our beautiful village. We are the more particular in speaking of this affair, in order that the respectable portion of our people—we mean those who are attached to law and order, may advise with the proper authorities upon some means to restrain the spirit of rowdyism, which is becoming rather too rampant. There are some dozen or so of geniuses, who have for some months been paving their way to notoriety by sundry acts; and they should not be disappointed of the legitimate consequences of their devilry. It is quite time that something should be done to abridge their ability to disturb the public quiet.

We learn from a private letter that the Sunday meeting which was here foreshadowed, and to which some friendly hand thus endeavoured to give a new character, fulfilled the prophetic fears of this writer. Notwithstanding the day was Sunday, and the place "Fox's Oak," under which the disorganizer and fanatic of his time had preached, and is held venerable—we will venture to say not one in a hundred of them can tell why—by the people of Flushing, and in spite of the influence of Samuel Parsons, a Friend, and one of the most respectable citizens of the place, who declared that the lecturers should be protected in their right to address a public assembly, the meeting was broken up by the shrieks and screams, hisses, cat-calls, bellowings, and other characteristic noises of the Sunday-pious, and patriotic people of that town. The intelligent magistrates of the village proved themselves its civil fathers—according to the Long Island fashion, we suppose—by ordering the Fosters off the ground, and threatening them with prosecution if they persisted in breaking the peace by affording an object for the brutality of the people, thus headed by these civil fathers, on which to void itself. Mrs. Foster was struck in the face by an egg, which fortunately however, contained an embryo chicken—an instance of the prodigality of the Flushingites for which we were not prepared, though it proves the sincerity of their admiration of Slavery, that they are willing to rob their own hen-roosts to show how entirely they approve of a higher sort of theft.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster have, this week, gone more into the interior of the island, and we have some hope of hearing better accounts from them there.

We subjoin a communication which we find in the *Hempstead Inquirer*, which would find a fitting place among the specimens of the literature of the South which we are wont, from time to time, to give upon our first page. It is a fitting defence of the cause it advocates, and properly holds up the hands of the editor of the *Inquirer*, from whom we quoted last week, and who, we hear, by the bye, is a pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church—whether North or South our informant sayeth not:

☞ In the last number of the *Long Island Farmer*, its editor expresses a great deal of regret that the spirit of "misrule" should have broken out in this village, in connection with some lectures which were delivered here by the notorious Foster, and his more notorious wife, Abby. Now we by no means intend to become the defenders of any who resort to turbulent means to deter any person, however disreputable from the expression of any sentiments however disgraceful. There are other and better ways of preventing or at least of remedying the mischief. But we hold him, who, with a full knowledge of the nature of the opinion which Foster and his wife profess to entertain, and of the nature of their method and style of propagating them, would defend those opinions, or justify the language of their exponents, as one whose judgment should not be relied upon as a public teacher, and whose notion of what is due to public decency, are neither safe nor respectable. The lectures as far as we could understand it, was two fold;—to demonstrate the enormity of slaveholding, and to suggest means of its abolition. And to illustrate the first, it was considered necessary to proclaim in the most positive manner that the great majority of the people of this republic have thought fit from confidence in their integrity and honour, to entrust the making and the execution of our laws, and in whom we have confided the safety of our institutions, and the honour of our country, are in the most literal and emphatic sense, "*liars, thieves, and pirates!*" And to point out the second, it was recommended that the Constitution and laws of the country, should be boldly and and deliberately violated, trampled and spurned, with the view of at once effecting a dissolution of the Union, and designedly exposing the southern section of the country to the horrors of a servile insurrection; whereby it is fondly hoped that the negroes there might by fire and the sword, rapine and murder, establish themselves as masters of that region.

The arguments by which these views were upheld were as little respectable in point of logic, as the sentiments which they were intended to justify are in point of morality. And whenever any person of respectability, actuated by right motives, will endorse the one or espouse the other, we hold ourselves ready to make it manifest.

That a leading motive which prompts the crusade in which Foster and his wife are engaged, is notoriety, no one who listens to them can doubt. That they in effect invited disturbance, saying that they expected to be insulted and probably assailed, is equally well known to all who were present. And to engage in any discussion with persons of such character, would not only be affording them the readiest means of accomplishing their unworthy object, but derogatory to any one who would become their antagonist.

From the article furnished by Foster to the *Farmer*, from which the editor of the *Farmer* has evidently imbibed the tone of his own, we should be led to suppose that Hempstead had been the only place in which these wholesale slanderers had ever experienced any disturbance; whereas in fact they took peculiar pleasure in telling, in the course of their tirades, how frequently they had been insulted and assaulted. And in truth if any confidence is to be placed in their own statements, they were treated here, not only much better than they deserved, but with less interruption than they have generally met with. The disturbance at most amounted to some boyish interruptions in the lecture room, and some funny expressions, such as "go it Specs," "Hurrah for Aunt Abby" and others equally innocent, which occurred during a bar room discussion in which the worthy who plays second fiddle to the late Miss Kelly, chose to engage himself.

We fervently hope they may fare no worse elsewhere.

As to the editor of the *Farmer* in connection with this matter, he has been evidently misled as to the manner in which his new acquaintances conducted themselves. Had he heard the lectures he would have been as prompt as we to have condemned them as not only offensive in manner but disgraceful in substance. And we have only to hope that hereafter, he will adopt the principle, "audi alteram partem," before he bears down too hard upon "Old Blue." We might "carry the war into Africa," and say something concerning a descent upon the Court House one fine night—but at present we prefer peace. Verbum sapienti sufficit.

A Southern Statesman.

"I am an ultra Southern man; being in the strongest sense of the phrase, a Southern man." That is, I believe that Slavery, as it exists among us, is better in the white man, and better for the black man, than any other social combination which can be substituted in its stead; and, that being best for both, it is neither a sin, a moral wrong, nor a practical evil. I further believe that the labour of the black race, directed with white intelligence, is productive of more extension and ramified blessings to the human race than any other labour of the same extent in the world.

"I further believe, that it is an imperative duty which we owe to our children, to arrest the progress of Northern encroachment at once, in the most prompt and decided manner. This is the only means by which the Union can be preserved, or rendered *worth preserving*."

"Abominable Statesmanship," was the apt term used by our friend, R. D. Webb, in his commentary upon the emancipation plan of Henry Clay, and it well describes the system of petty knavery and unblushing hypocrisy combined which go to make up what is known as statesmanship in this country The above extract is a fair and comprehensive statement of the political faith of those by whom we have the happiness and honour of being governed, thanking God the while that we are not the subjects of Constitutional Monarch, turbaned Turk, or bearded Russ. It is from a letter from Felix Huston, who announces himself through the columns of the *Pointe Coupee Echo*, as a candidate for the suffrages of the independent electors of the "sterling Democratic Parish of Pointe Coupee," as their representative in the Congress of the United States. This Huston, it will be remembered, was one of the chief of those desperate bravos to whose successful attempts to stir up an insurrection in Texas, Mexico is indebted for the dismemberment of her Territory, we a war, and Slavery a longer lease of life, of perhaps a century. The same letter, however, contains the following cheering encouragement to those who are not faint-hearted nor weary in well-doing, and are the more encouraging as coming from one who is in no wise doubtful of the rightfulness of his own position:

I am heartily tired and worried out by the incessant and reiterated insults, degradation and wanton assaults which for years past have been heaped upon the Southern States, and which has placed us before the councils of the nation in the attitude of criminals, and turned Congress into a grand inquest for the trial of slaveholders. No circumstances can induce me to advocate submission to this state of affairs any longer. Even if no overt act violating the compromises of the Constitution and equality of the States is now committed, I feel that the continuation of the scenes of the past winter for a few years longer, will be fatal to the value of property, the security of our firesides, and the peace and welfare of our families. But, I have no doubt that the Wilmot Proviso, and the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, or some bill approximating thereunto, will pass during the next session of Congress and receive the signature of the President; and I do not think that the spirit of encroachment will even pause on the attainment of these objects, unless the people of the Southern States, in their primary assemblies, and through their State sovereignties, speak out in a language that cannot be misunderstood, and demand "indemnity for the past and security for the future."

The following is the speech of Judge Hornblower in the Presbyterian General Assembly, referred to in Mr. Quincy's article in another column:

Chief Justice Hornblower, in a few words, strongly approved of Mr. Bassett's amendment. He would oppose Slavery as he would murder, manslaughter, and theft, and any other crime. He would no sooner commune with a slaveholder, who is intelligently such, than with the greatest malefactor. What right has one man to sustain such a relation to another man, as that of master? Where does a man acquire the power to buy and sell the sinews and soul of his fellow man, made in God's image, and born with precisely the same rights as himself. It is an offence against the rights of man which the gospel presupposes in all its overtures of mercy; and how can we hold him who voluntarily and openly practices it, guiltless enough to extend the hand of brotherly communion to him? His greatest objection to Mr. Bassett's amendment is, that it does not go far enough. The duty of the Church of Christ, surrounded by a flagrant and all prevalent sin, is something more than to characterize it as a sin. Our apprehensions on this subject are apt to be weak, and confused by our familiarity with its enormity. We talk about organic sins—sins enormous in their own nature, and in the sight of God, yet excusable on account of their incorporation into our laws and social usages. It is one of the most unhappy phrases he ever heard. As if the multiplication of sin by tens of thousands lessened its criminality; as if its adoption into human codes altered its inherent character; as if human legislation superseded the word and sanction of the Almighty. We should not judge so in any other case. What if the laws of one of our States permitted polygamy, and heaped around him who had become involved in the sin, a variety of obstacles in the way of getting out of it; should we any the less condemn the man of a dozen wives, on the score of Christian morality, because his sin was approved by the State?—What if one of the ministers of this church, going as a missionary to Turkey, should avail himself of the laws of that empire to add a dozen wives to his household: Would the organic nature of the sin, and its legal sanction in the land of his residence, excuse him for it? And on his return to America on a Summer tour, would he be welcomed to your pulpits, and your communion table, and your hearth-stones, because he participated only in an organic sin? The cases are precisely parallel in principle; and differ only in the view we take of them. No! the church of Christ ought not only to utter a testimony that Slavery is a sin, but act upon the principle, and place it where it belongs in the catalogue of sins—at the very head of them. Judged by its fruits, the wrong it does, the woes it creates, what sin is equal to it? Measure it by the same honest rule you would apply to other crimes, and what do you make of it? It is a sin, if there be any such thing as sin; and if a sin, one of the most heinous, and the more heinous because so widely participated in, and so generally excused. It is high time for the church to take a proper attitude on this subject; and from his heart he sympathized with and thanked the brother who had been true enough to his sense of duty and convictions of eternal justice, to bring forward a proposition, declaring Slavery to be a sin, and worthy of the same treatment—and he would add more severe and stern treatment, than any other gross immorality.

The Morals of Politics.

We no more consider politics to be essentially or necessarily immoral, than we do that the Church must, from from its very nature, be corrupt; but we do not believe the history of the world has ever presented, when we take into consideration the opportunities and the demands of the time, a lower standard of morality, both in Church and State, than obtains, at this moment in the United States. A little fire kindleth a great matter, and a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump; so an evil principle once permitted to extend its net-work over the body politic; or the body ecclesiastic, will embrace it at length in a garment stronger than chain armour, and more poisonous than the shirt of Nessus. Slavery, which once prayed that it might only be permitted to linger a little longer as a feeble and noxious parasite upon the healthful body of the State, has covered it, in the lapse of years, with a rank and putrid growth, and usurped the very seat of its life. It is natural to look, as a proper result, for some singular exhibitions of political morality among us, and we have had, and are having continually, enough of them; next we look for the unblushing avowal and defence of this public villainy, and that, fortunately, is not slow to follow the act.

The latest instance is a curious letter from Col. Webb, of the *Courier and Enquirer*, who seems to be seeking in a tour Westward,—a "lodge in some vast wilderness,—some boundless contiguity of shade," the peace and repose which a long and vain campaign at Washington in search of a comfortable lodge in some foreign mission, has rendered necessary even to such a veteran and tried soldier as he. He has been paying a visit to General Cass, a personal friend through a political opponent, and is thereby induced to certain reflections upon the public and private character of that gentleman, to which we wish to draw the special attention of our readers, though not pretending to point out which of the pictures presented to their view is most worthy of admiration—he who could sacrifice to the hope of office what he still avows to be his principles on such a question as that of the extension of human bondage—or he who can regard with enthusiasm and warm regard the, character, and vouch for the "sterling honesty" of such a man. The following passage is an extract of the letter:

"The readers of the *Courier and Enquirer* are well aware that, in all the relations of private life, no man stands higher in my estimation than Lewis Cass; and those who recollect his course at Paris in preventing *France* becoming a party to the quintuple treaty in regard to the slave-trade, which England designed to be a warrant for re instituting their right of search upon the high seas under the protection of the European powers, and his subsequent defence of that course, will not doubt his abilities. If, in the late contest, he had represented his own principles of the democratic party, I have no hesitation in saying that I should have rejoiced in his election. But that was not the fact. A party man in the strictest sense of the term, he consented to become the candidate of his party, and would, honestly and honourably have carried out its pledges. He is, I am quite sure, as much opposed to the extension of Slavery into territory now free, as I am; and he is beyond all doubt, the friend of internal improvement and of a protective tariff. And yet, strange as it may appear, he was the candidate of a party which was pledged to a course hostile to his own views on all these great questions; and if elected, he would have honestly carried out their pledges, instead of his own views. Under these circumstances, I, of course, in common with all who are opposed to the doctrines of Loco focoism, laboured zealously to defeat *its candidate*. I could have rejoiced in the election of Lewis Cass to the Presidency; but I rejoice without bounds in the defeat of Lewis Cass, pledged to support the principles of the Loco foco National Convention instead of his own sound political views and opinions. But this is all past. I still entertain as I ever have, the warmest friendship for General Cass, and know that a more honest man does not live, although I differ from him *in toto* in regard to party obligations. In my judgment he is in principle a Whig, bound by party ties and party fealty to the Democracy; and I know him too well to believe that he will ever be unfaithful to what he deems his obligations to party. In all human probability, therefore, we shall always be politically opposed; but I take pleasure in bearing testimony now, as I uniformly did during the late Presidential canvass, to his sterling honesty, and to his possessing in as great a degree as any man I ever knew, every quality which renders man estimable in the relations of private life."

THE FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE.—A late No. of *Jerrold's News* gives some valuable statistics, and interesting facts in relation to the Foreign Slave Trade, abridged from the report of the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, made at its recent annual meeting. After enumerating the names of some of the distinguished persons in the platform, among which we observe those of M. L'Instant of Haiti, and the Rev. Alexander Crummell of this city, the *News* says:

The Secretary read the tenth annual report of the committee. Making allowance for manumissions which may have taken place in the South American Republics, the following was stated to be a correct estimate of the number of slaves in the following countries:—

United States,	3,095,000
Brazil,	3,250,000
Spanish Colonies,	900,000
Dutch Colonies,	85,000
South American Republics,	140,000
African Settlements,	30,000
	7,500,000

Some of the revolting proceedings connected with the iniquitous and oppressive system of slave traffic were next detailed, and the substance of a tabular statement which was laid before a select committee of the House of Commons appointed last year to consider the best means of providing for the final extinction of the Slave Trade, was set forth, from which it appeared that the total number of Africans imported into Brazil during the last 40 years has been 1,801,800; into the Spanish colonies, 1,446,027; into other countries, 562,000; mortality during the middle passage, 1,121,299 (!) and captured by British cruisers, since the year 1819, 117,380; making a grand total of 5,048,506 as the victims of the foreign African slave trade from 1807 to 1847! The report of the select committee of the House of Commons was then given, and was followed by a brief account of the proceedings of the society. The memorial presented to Lord J. Russell by the committee in 1846, was embodied in the Report; and the committee congratulated the meeting upon having in that memorial established the principle "that, so long as Slavery exists, there is no reasonable prospect of the annihilation of the slave trade, and of extinguishing the sale and barter of human beings; and that the extinction of Slavery and the Slave Trade will be attained most effectually by the employment of those means which are of a moral, religious, and pacific character." The committee subsequently felt it necessary to call the attention of Government to the power which it possessed over Brazil and Spain, by virtue of its treaties with them, both in relation to Slavery and the Slave Trade. They therefore presented their case in a memorial to Lord Palmerston, in October last, and re-asserted the right of this country to demand the liberation from Slavery of all Africans who, contrary to the stipulations of treaties and to municipal law, had been illicitly and illegally introduced into their territories and colonies respectively. Now it must be obvious that if in this way, an attack be make on Brazilian and Spanish Slavery, so as to render insecure the tenure by which the slaves are held, the whole system will be shaken to its basis, and the Slave Trade will fall with it. The subject of Coolie immigration into the British West India colonies was next entered upon, and it was stated that during 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, Coolies were introduced into Jamaica, 6,982 Coolies; British Guiana, 12,177; Trinidad, 6,734; total, 25,843. The whole scheme of India immigration into the West Indies was denounced as a costly failure, and attended with a mortality so frightful, and immoralities so degrading, as to involve all parties in disgrace who have participated in it. The committee set forth briefly the proceedings of the Abolitionists during the year in the United States, France, Spain, Denmark, Portugal, Brazil, Northern Africa, and the Levant, and concluded by expressing a hope that the society should continue to experience public sympathy and support.

Baking a Dough-Face.

The Hon. (so called) I. P. Walker, United States Senator from Wisconsin, has recently written a letter to George Hyer, editor of the *Waukesha Democrat*, in which he had the impudent hardihood, not to defend his infamous course on the question of the extension of Slavery into the new Territories, but to avow that he was not called upon by the circumstances of the case to make any defence, though he might at some future time condescend to make some explanation. He insulted Mr. Hyer, moreover, by thanking him for not joining in the general shout of condemnation which has gone up against him from the people of Wisconsin,—and which, Mr. Walker is not so obtuse as not to recognize,—as if an honest or an intelligent man could come to any other conclusion on such a point. To this letter of the recreant Senator, Mr. Hyer has replied, and as the baking of the dough-face is done to a crisp and at a quick fire, we copy it. It is well that the knowledge of how common, or, at least, not uncommon, such things are getting, should be widely diffused, that the large fraternity to which Senator Walker belongs may be conscious into what sort of a furnace they may be dropped at any moment.

WAUKESHA, June 19, 1849.

To the Hon. I. P. Walker:

It is an old saying, that "familiarity breedeth contempt," but lay aside your dignity for a time and let us talk freely together of matters wherein you are concerned. Your letter of the 7th inst., has been published, and doubtless has been re-read by yourself, and let us now ask in candour, if the manner in which you have addressed yourself to the democracy of the State meets the approbation of a second thought? Do not the words of your own mouth condemn you? It may be well for you to look back a little, and ask yourself of whom and for what you derived the authority you now exercise. It was not talent, nor known and tried honesty that recommended you to the democracy of the State—you had exhibited neither, but to circumstances do you owe your present elevation—produced by an unfortunate difference among democrats, who, in the high qualities of nature, are as far above you as worth and merit are above knavery and cowardice.

People had listened to your violent and seemingly honest avowals in favour of human rights, and were led by your words to trust in your acts, but you have deceived them, and they now mourn, not your loss, but the loss of the position you occupy to do good in the cause of humanity. Do not flatter yourself that you personally, are the object of so much thought, for such a reflection would lead a mind like yours to an improper valuation of its own importance, but it is the injury you have attempted to inflict upon the character of the State by corruptly barg

ed meaning of words; but if he means one thing and says another, or says one thing in one breath, and another in the next, then the fault is either in his use of terms, or he does not understand himself. If he blunders and stumbles through the path in which we endeavour to follow him he cannot blame us for doing the same thing; but if he will make a straight track we will try to collect our wits enough to keep in it.

If a man says he is a "teetotaller" are we bound to believe him if he qualifies it by adding that he always takes brandy and water with his dinner? If he says he is a vegetarian, are we to credit it if he adds that he dines every other day on beef-steaks? If he says he is opposed to all war, and we see him the next hour making a fool of himself at the head of a militia company, must we assent to his assertion that he is a peace man?

Mr. Webb's letter, said *The Tribune*, was "full of dulcet enconium of the beneficence and mercy of the British rule in that favoured Island, and of rejoicing at the failure of the Revolutionary movement of the Young Ireland party last year;" by which, we take it, if he meant anything, he meant that British rule in Ireland is neither beneficent nor merciful, and that the failure to create a Revolution—by civil war, of course, for no other way was attempted or proposed—was a thing to mourn over, not rejoice at. Thus far is plain enough, and this was our first proposition in stating what we understood to be the *Tribunian* philosophy. Mr. Greeley would rather—and reproaches the *Standard* for assenting by silence to Mr. Webb's view of the matter—that the green fields of Ireland were at this moment red with the blood of her children, than that they should longer submit to wrongs they suffer from their present rulers. To make the statement so boldly may seem harsh, and shock some good people who was accustomed to hear of Horace Greeley as maintaining rather ultra peace principles on the Peace and War question, but nobody, we think, will venture to deny its truth who has been familiar with *The Tribune* for the past year.

Now on the other point: we think that is made equally plain from the article before us, not to refer to the one that preceded it, or to any other that Mr. Greeley may have written. He considers it more "self-denying and useful" that Henry Clay should "simply say" in Kentucky, "Slavery is wrong and injurious: let us consider how it may most safely and easily be got rid of," than that Garrison or Gerrit Smith, or those that agree with them, should assume and maintain the ground they do. We believe we understand this proposition; let us waste a few words on it.

Gerrit Smith and Garrison, however much they may disagree as to the wisest course to be pursued to gain a common object, agree in this—that Slavery is a sin, and ought to be immediately abolished. We will not stop to say anything of the "self-denial" of men for whose heads sovereign States have offered rewards, whose lives have hung suspended upon the twist of a rope, who have lavished more property, ten times told, than the market value of all Henry Clay's slaves, and have sacrificed all the respect and affection that their fellow-citizens usually stand ready to bestow upon men of acknowledged ability and pure lives, who are not too far removed from them; but we pass to the comparative *usefulness* of what these men and their coadjutors have done and the "simple" *dictum* of Henry Clay.

A thing to be more "useful" must be wiser and better, and if Mr. Clay's assertion that "Slavery is wrong and injurious" is more useful than the labours of the Abolitionists for immediate emancipation, it must be, of course, because it is more likely to bring about the end proposed. To do this, it must be accompanied with some plan, for fond as the American mind is of abstractions and apt to mount them and dash out of a difficulty which cannot be escaped from more quietly, we hardly think that anybody will contend that Mr. Clay's saying Slavery is wrong will ever abolish it. Indeed as he asserts that he is of precisely the same mind upon the subject now that he was in 1799, that point we may consider as settled. Are we then putting a forced construction upon Mr. Greeley's words when we understand that he gives a preference to Mr. Clay's position over that of those persons who have so long laboured at the North to arouse the attention of the people to the necessity of some action on this subject, because he believes that what Mr. Clay proposes will abolish Slavery, and he does *not* believe in the wisdom and "usefulness" of the measures, whether they will or will not produce the end proposed, of the other party? But what is the difference between the two? We need not take much time to answer that question. The Abolitionists aim to do peaceably what Young Ireland attempted forcibly—the immediate abolition of wrong; Mr. Clay, on the other hand, proposes a plan which between thirty and forty years hence shall free Kentucky from what few slaves may then be left there by compulsory exile, for which the poor creatures are themselves to be compelled to pay by labour under the slave-driver's whip! Mr. Greeley pronounces that man a calumniator who ventures to hint that he who could originate such a monstrous scheme of gigantic fraud upon humanity as this, must have been governed by no good motive; but Mr. Greeley himself declares that those who, on the contrary, are aiming for the immediate abolition of Slavery, make a trade of a cause which, so far as they are concerned, had better be put an end to, and which he has never shown any disposition to take up and conduct more wisely. Is not this distinctly declaring that however ardently he may desire and labour for the abolition of wrong abroad, when it comes to wrong at home it is quite another matter? And is it not deliberately making his choice between labouring for abolition now, and leaving it to come after Mr. Clay's plan near half a century hence?

So much for the second article in the *Tribunian* philosophy. To sum up: Everything a man can do to forward a cause, Mr. Greeley has done for the attempted immediate abolition of "political wrongs growing out of social evils" in Ireland. He has given his private and his public influence; has wielded a powerful press in its behalf, has addressed public assemblies, has run expensive expresses to bring important news from Slievegammon and elsewhere, and has contributed of his substance, generously and frequently. But of the "greater wrong at home" he throws the whole weight of his influence against those who are striving for its overthrow; he has yet to say the first word to a public assembly in their behalf, or in behalf of their cause, and he has yet to give it the first dollar; and so far as his press exercises any influence on the subject, it is evidently considered by him as a matter by no means of the first importance, though one which the state of public opinion will not permit to drop out of sight altogether. He goes with hand, head, and purse for Liberty in Europe, but Liberty here under our own noses is a thing that may come when the Lord, or Henry Clay, pleases.

☞ "We never accused our neighbour [the *Free Democrat*] of being of that sort of people [disunionists]. As to any of the factions and sections of abolitionism playing into the hands of the Whigs, it is all gammon. —*Sentinel.*

In 1844, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*—a Garrison paper—was reprinted by the Whigs, with the title changed to *New York Standard*, and circulated, just before election, extensively in New York and Ohio, to promote the election of Henry Clay. David L. Child, who, with Lydia Maria Child, edited the *Standard*, wrote and stamped it for Whiggery; and leading Abolitionists went for disunion and "that same old coon" at the same time.

The *Milwaukie* (Wis.) *Free Democrat*, from which we cut the above paragraph, is edited by one S. M. Booth, who is probably more ignorant than mischievous, as he can hardly be believed by anybody, in anything, if he is in the habit of giving utterance to such barefaced falsehoods as this, and so easily disproved. The *Standard* never had any other name than the one it now bears, and though Mr. Child was at one time a Whig—a heresy of which he has long since repented—the *Standard* has always been about as popular with that party as it is at this moment with the *Tribune*, who believes that it has been playing shocking tricks with Mr. Clay's reputation in Europe. We shall believe we are keeping on pretty safe ground as long as we enjoy this privilege of being handsomely abused by both parties.

FASTING AND PRAYER.—The *Evening Mirror*, in allusion to the recommendation of Mayor Woodhull to the people to observe a day of fasting and prayer, adds with its usual good sense:

We recommend that the good people of this city, in view of the epidemic, observe every day as a day of fasting from all unripe fruit, unwholsome food, unsanctified liquor, and all other sins against the health of the physical corporation, and in regard to the Mayor's second recommendation, "men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Fasting and prayer are most commendable "exercises" for both body and soul; but they will not supersede the necessity of clean streets. We must trust in God, and keep our powder dry also.

☞ The *Pennsylvania Freeman* publishes the following document, which ought to excite nobody's surprise as it is entirely in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, laws, rulers, and people of thiscountry. We commend it however to the attention of Mr. W. E. Robinson, late an editor of *The Tribune*, who proposes in that paper a League for European Liberty, to the propriety of which Mr. Greeley cordially assents:

Department of State,
Washington June 9th, 1849.

Edward Hurst, Esq. Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR:—Your letter of the 7th inst. soliciting for Henry Hambleton, a coloured man, a passport or protection, is received, and in reply, I have to inform you, that passports are not granted by this department, to persons of colour; and that protections are only given to them when they are in the service of Diplomatic Agents &c. of the United States, going abroad.

Hambleton's certificate of nativity, is herewith returned.

I am sir, respectfully, pour obd't serv't
JOHN M. CLAYTON.

CUSTOMS OF THE "CHIVALRY"—A correspondent of the *Herald*, writing from Brandywine, Delaware, says they have a curious, old-fashioned custom in that State, "that for certain offences, women shall be stripped and tied to a post and publicly whipped. Yes, whipped, or rather lashed, until the blood flows down their backs! Think of that, will you, in this age and country." The letter-writer must be of the freshest importation not to know that this is one of the most cherished reserved rights of the chivalric people of one half the Union.

☞ The Post Office address of S. S. and A. K. Foster for the present will be "142 Nassau street, New-York, Care of S. H. Gay."

To Correspondents.

K. G. T. We have written to P. M. M. sending him the needful authority.

S. B. The work is 60 cts. bound, and unbound 15 cts.

Domestic Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD:

I herewith send you a copy of my resolutions, offered at the New England Anti Slavery Convention, hoping, in justice to myself, after the very kind remarks of your reporter, you will publish them.

In comparing their object with that of the resolution before the meeting, which was to confine the action of the Convention to New England, while my resolutions went to extend our action to the whole United States, I must confess I have yet to discover, wherein I was out of order in proposing them as an amendment to the one under discussion, particularly as the Convention was called for the purpose of getting rid of American Slavery. Your readers can judge.

I would observe to your reporter, that the term of reproach, which he would apply to me, as "the Habeas Corpus Man," sits very lightly on my shoulders, and would tell him, if he believes in human government for the sole ordering of society, he may, if he plenses, throw away his birthright without his mess of pottage, but, for myself, entertaining the notion that I have yet to live under the Government of the United States, during my natural life, unless I move out of the country, I had rather hold on to mine as long as I can.

Yours truly,
G. W. F. MELLEN.

Resolved, That whereas the Rev. Charles T. Torrey was confined in the State Prison of Maryland, and the Rev. Mr. Mahan is now confined in jail in Kentucky, and several citizens in Michigan have been fined nineteen hundred dollars, and one in Delaware five thousand dollars, and Drayton eighteen thousand in the District of Columbia, and many more have been more or less persecuted for assisting those held in bondage in this Union:

Resolved, The time has fully come when every person in the United States should understand what constitutes him a free American citizen; why it is they are called freemen of America; what it is that distinguishes them from the serfs of Russia, and why it is we have so long boasted of our liberty.

Resolved, It is not in anything that is peculiar to the soil, or the climate, or of the constitution of any one of the States of this Union, or to the colour of the skin, to birth, or any accidental cause, that we call ourselves free American citizens. But on the contrary; it is to the definite action our fathers took when they changed this government from a confederacy to the more intimate Union of the States; in that they formed the constitution "for the protection of their liberty," and that "of their posterity," and made it one of the fundamental objects of that constitution, to which all the States, South as well as North, both collectively and individually, among themselves, and before the world, "that the privilege of the writ of Habeas Corpus, should not be suspended unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it;" and "that the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures," should "not be violated, and that no warrant should issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized."

Resolved, That while it was hoped that the several States in their individual capacities, would carry out these great principles, within their several borders, without the intervention of the general government, and while the Northern States have so done, and thus far have proved their sincerity in establishing these great principles, the South, on the contrary, have proved recreant, and have shown themselves false to their sister States and to the world, in that they now pronounce Slavery to be a blessing, and not only retain the curse within their own borders, but some of them, or at least South Carolina, is ready to break up the Union, unless Slavery be extended to New Mexico and California.

Therefore, Resolved, That no measure should be left untried, to inform the people of the danger to which every member of the community is liable, in being arrested for performing some of the most charitable objects, and the utter subversion of all their inalienable rights, as well religious as political, if Slavery is not swept from our land.

Resolved, That "the Constitution" guaranteeing to every individual in the country the privileges which these great principles secure to him, "and the laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance thereof," &c., are the supreme laws of the land, and the judges in every State are bound thereby, "anything in the constitution or the laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Therefore, Resolved, That as "all the Senators and Representatives in Congress and of the several States and all the executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several States, are bound by oath, or affirmation, to see that these special principles, now that they are repudiated by some of the States, he carried into effect, and that a law should be passed by Congress fining the District Attorneys and the several judges of the United States Courts if they should under any pretext refuse to grant all the immunities secured in the above clauses, to whomsoever may apply for them, or take any other action in the premises that may be found necessary to secure the freedom of all.

Resolved That no man should be voted for as President of these United States, who will not carry out, so far as in him lies, these great principles into every section of the Union, wherever it is known they are held in, obeyance, so that harmony and peace may be restored to our government, and that every man who is guiltless of crime may sit under his own vine and fig-tree, without any to molest or make afraid.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Arrival of Father Mathew.

The great Apostle of Total Abstinence in Ireland, the man whose immediate and direct personal influence for good upon his fellow men is greater than any man now living—than any man perhaps who ever has lived, save one who was a preacher, though no priest—the excellent Father Mathew has at length commenced the visit to this country so long promised, and so long postponed. He arrived on Saturday last, and was received at the residence of a Mr. Nesmith on Staten Island, where he remained till Monday. Notwithstanding the captiousness of several of the daily papers he was received on Monday with civic honors and conducted by deputations of Aldermen, and of Temperance societies, by processions with bands of Music an "army with banners," though a peaceful one—to the City Hall, and after an introduction to the people from the balcony, he was attended to the apartments prepared for him at the Irving House, and the dinner which awaited him and his attendants.

As the account of the reception of this distinguished man and all that was said and done on that occasion will be interesting to most of our readers we condense a report from the very full one in the Herald:

At two o'clock on Monday the Sylph steamer was in attendance at Castle Garden, to take the Common Council to Staten Island, and those who were invited to take a part in the excursion. Long before the appointed hour, the boat was nearly filled with ladies and gentlemen who had procured tickets. The Common Council drew up the rear in procession, preceded by the sergeant-at-arms, with the insignia of office. Each member wore in his breast a white satin rosette with a golden star in the centre and one of the ends of the ribbon bearing the inscription, "Reception of the Rev. Theobald Mathew, on his arrival in the United States, by the municipal authorities of New York, July 2, 1849," and on the other the names of the Committee, as follows: "Committee of the board of Aldermen, Robert T. Hawes, Dennis Mullins, George H. Franklin, James Kelly, President." Committee of the Board of Assistant Aldermen, Edwin J. Mercer, Robert A. Sands Samuel P. Patterson: Edwin D. Morgan, President."

The following are the names of the Committee of the Sons of Temperance: P. M. W. P. Daniel H. Sand, P. G. W. P. and H. M. W. S. John K. Oliver, P. G. W. P. George Hall, G. W. P. Joseph Smith, G. W. A. William Edwards, P. G. W. A. Stephen R. Kelly, P. G. W. A. and P. M. W. Chaplain, Warren Rothwell, P. W. P. Dunlady, P. W. P. Wakeman H. Dikeman, P. W. P. Thomas Leslie, P. W. P. Wm. J. Spence, P. W. P. E. Jacobs, P. W. P. John Murphy, P. W. P. Alex. McCotter.

The representatives of the National Division wore sashes of blue, trimmed with gold, and those of the Grand Division, crimson trimmed with silver.

Other representatives of temperance societies were Adam C. Flanagan, E. A. Frazer, President of the tenth Ward Society, a most active and old member of the Society, Anson G. Phelps, President of the American Temperance Union; N. Duff, President of the Washington Temperance Association; James Latham, the first man who signed the temperance pledge in New York; W. E. Dodge, representing the American temperance Societies generally; Mr. Jennings of Father Mathew Society; Mr. G. E. Flynn, of the Father Mathew Society. The Roman Catholic Temperance Society; the Rechabites, and the good Samaritans, were also represented. The Brooklyn temperance societies were represented by Messrs. Leslie, Hall and Holt.

Among the other gentlemen present, were Gen. Walbridge, late of the U. S. A.; Col. Haskett, Capt. M. M. Croft, late of the Mexican war; Rev. Dr. Dowling, author of the celebrated work against Romanism; Dr. Palmer, Brooklyn; Capt. Bunting of the Ashburton; Dr. Geer, W. E. Robinson, Tom Reilly, of the Fifth Ward Hotel; ex-Mayor Clarke; Dr. Peal, Deaf and Dumb Institution; &c., &c. Of the Irish exiles were present J. B. Dillon, Dr. Antsell, John Savage, O. Mehony, Rev. Dl. Pise, and John McClenahan.

On the arrival of this deputation at Staten Island they met the Rev. Father, who, with a large party, had been partaking of a collation at Capt. Vanderbilt's. He was conducted by Assistant Alderman Mercer, and Assistant Alderman Morgan, to the wharf, and there introduced to Alderman Hawes, who, shaking him cordially by the hand on the part of the Common Council, then addressed him as follows:—

REVEREND FATHER—As the Chairman of the Committee charged with the arrangements for your reception, the pleasing duty devolves upon me of bidding you welcome, and, in the name of the Common Council of the city of New York, to tender to you its hospitalities. Though now for the first time you tread our shores, be assured, sir, you are no stranger to us. Your well earned fame—destined we trust, to be as enduring as that of the noblest and best of heroes and statesmen—has long since preceded you; while your efforts for the amelioration of the condition of your fellow man, and the results which have hitherto crowned those efforts with such signal success, claim both the admiration and gratitude of our whole people. Not only in the cottage of the peasant, but as well in the mansions of the wealthy and refined, have your labours and influence been exerted, and successfully blessed; and you now stand forth—modestly and unpretendingly, we know, but not the less pre eminently—among the chief of the public benefactors and philanthropists of the age. There lies before you in this, our highly favoured country, a wide and extended field of usefulness in the great cause of Temperance, in which you have been so long distinguished at home; and, while we doubt not that the prayer of every sincere patriot and Christian will invoke the blessings of Providence upon your labours—as Americans, holding dear to us the welfare and happiness of our fellow-countrymen, we rejoice in the prospect that here, as abroad, your labours may be alike successful. Congratulating you sir, upon your safe arrival, I again bid you welcome—a cordial, heartfelt welcome to America.

Father Mathew then responded in a subdued tone. He said:—

I want words to give expression to my feelings for the honour and the kind reception you have this day given me. You have complimented me in a way, of which I feel totally undeserving. However, for the sake of the cause of temperance, I accept the compliment, and feel deeply grateful for it. I feel emotions in my bosom to which I have been long a stranger, coming, as I have come, from sights of misery and destitution. When I go back to my own country, I will tell the people of your kindness, and of all I have seen, that I may revive their drooping spirits, and cheer their hearts. I will tell them of the happiness and free institutions their fellow men enjoy in this country, that they may be induced to come here and participate in those blessings—for this great land seems destined, in a peculiar manner, by Providence, as a refuge for the destitute, and an asylum for a broken and crushed nation—(hear, hear).

He concluded, by again thanking them for the honour conferred upon him, when Alderman Hawes introduced him to the rest of the council, with whom he cordially shook hands; they then conducted him on board, the band striking up "Hail Columbia" and "Patrick's Day," in succession.

A circle was formed by the police, on the main deck, for the Common Council to receive their guest. Alderman Kelly, as President of the Board of Aldermen then took him by the hand, and said, as well as we could hear him, amidst the pressure of the crowd and the "darkness visible" would allow us to take notes:—

Your history through life is well known. You are no stranger to us, though we only now see you. We heartily welcome you, on your arrival in this city. The Mayor will welcome you on behalf of 450,000 inhabitants. You will be welcome in every part of the United States; and you will be convinced that there is ample provision in this country for the destitute of every clime—a country where the honest man is regarded as the noblest work of God, and the men of labour are raised to the highest positions in the State.

The Apostle of Temperance then replied, he said he could not clothe his language in eloquence, or give adequate expression to his feelings, for the honour conferred upon him. He did, however, feel deep gratitude and humility for their kindness. He hoped it would stimulate him to greater exertions, for the welfare of his fellow men, and to purge virtue. It was the proudest day of his life. He never had done anything but his duty; but whatever sacrifices he had made, and whatever efforts he had exerted, he now felt repaid for all—(cheers).

The Reverend gentleman having thus concluded, Alderman Kelly introduced him to every member of the Council.

The steamer then returned to the city, and having passed a short distance up both the East and North rivers that an opportunity might be given to the distinguished guest to observe the position of the city, the party landed at Castle Garden. Here it was necessary that there should be more speechifying, and accordingly Father Mathew was conducted to the stage of Castle Garden by the Committee of Arrangements, who, through Alderman Kelly, of the second ward, introduced him, in a very happy style, to his Honour Mayor Woodhull. As soon as the introduction took place, the Mayor shook Father Mathew most cordially by the hand, and addressed him as follows:—

In the name of the Common Council, and in behalf of the citizens of New York, I welcome you to these shores, and invite you to accept the hospitalities of our city.

Though a personal stranger among us, yet the fame of your labours in that cause in which you have been worthily styled an apostle, has rendered your name so familiar to our hearts, that we greet you not only as a benefactor of our race, but also as a well known and long cherished friend. The history of your noble deeds and benevolent efforts in the couse of humanity, have been treasured up in the affectionate remembrance of those now gathered here to extend to you a welcome to their hearth and their home. The story of your life has forerun your arrival, and will secure to you, wherever you may go throughout this wide country, the high appreciation of good citizens, for the eminent services you have rendered to the noble cause in which you have been so long and so successfully engaged.

On this spot we have been accustomed to receive the most distinterested men of our own and other lands. The statesman, bearing the highest honours of his much loved country, and the victor, fresh from the field of his proud triumphs, have here been greeted with the salutations of the most celebrated in authority, and with the general welcome of the citizens of this metropolis

But you, sir, come among us with a highly different and peculiar distinction. The honours which you wear have been accorded to you by those who revere you for your deeds of love and benevolence. Your titles are written on the hearts of the uncounted masses whom your heroic perseverance in the humble acts of mercy and good will have saved you from a fate even more dreadful than the grave. Your victories are not made up of the dead and dying left behind in your path, but of living thousands, whom you have rescused from a fate more remorseless than the conqueror's march. Your trophies are seen in the smiling faces and happy homes of the countless multitudes whom you have won from the deepest abyss of wretchedness and despair. The enemy with whom you have grappled, is one of the direst of the humnn race. Frightful are ravages of plague, and vast the preparations to stay its desolating curse; but the destroying angel of intemperance has entombed more victims than any pestilence which has ever afflicted the human famlly. All seasons are its own, and no physician can baffle its downward progress. Quarantines and sanitary precautions cannot check its career. Yet there is one human power that can subdue this enemy of man. It is the moral power of a persuasive, earnest and benevolent heart, that summons all its affections, and with heroic sublimity concentrates all its energies to the single work to be accomplished. It is this power which you have so successfully exercised, and by which you have attained such astonishing results.

In your progress through our country, we wish you much health and pleasure, but especially we desire to see your sublime efforts promote the great cause to which so much of your life has been devoted, and with the ultimate triumph of which the dearest interests of mankind are blanded.

The bands in attendance immediately after the delivery of the address, played St. Patrick's Day, and when it concluded, and when three hearty cheers were given, the Apostle replied:—

After expressing his gratitude to the Mayor for the honour conferred upon him, he said he long wished to enjoy the privilege of visiting New York and seeing the citizens of this great metropolis of the western world. He had several times made up his mind to gratify himself in this particular, but through the dispensation of an all-wise Providehce he was prevented from fulfilling his wishes. He, however, was at length before them, and to his honour the Mayor, the elected representrtive of the people of New York, he begged to express his heartfelt gratitude for the honour conferred on him. He then said that the object of his visit to the United States was principally to see the fruits of his seinor labourers in the cause of temperance, for the people of the United States were his fathers in the work. He felt particularly honoured in being made the guest of the city, more so than he ever was before in his life. He came to the United States to witness what had been done in the great cause, to view the prosperity of this great country under its free iustitutions and to behold with his own eyes the workings of our admirable moral, social, industrial, and educational establishments, which have produced such wonderful effects. He then spoke of ohe beauty and grandeur of the bay of New York, covered as it was, he said, with the ships of all nations, freighted with the produce of all climes, and concluded by again thanking the Mayor for the honour conferred upon him in his reception and apologizing for not speaking longer, for the intensity of his gratitude prevented him from giving uiteranse to his feelings.

The procession was then formed and proceeded thro' a dense crowd of men, women and children, to the Park which was filled with an immense body of men awaiting his approach. The procession entered the Eastern gate and Father Mathew being assisted out of the four-horse carriage, in which he was accompanied by the Mayor and Committee, was then conducted into the Governor's room in the City Hall; and appearing on the balcony, was greeted with enthusiastic cheering. The different temperance societies then passed in review before him, and left the Park by the West gate. When the procession concluded, Father Mathew addressed a few words to the people for the honor they had done him, and apologizing to them for not being able to reach them with his voice. He then withdrew to the Governor's room, where the Mayor presented his son, and Mr. Maxwell. Collector of the port; also several other gentlemen. He was then introduced to several ladies, who were sitting at the other end of the room, all anxious for the honor of shaking hands with him. Indeed, we never witnessed such an anxiety to see and speak to and shake hands with any man. Many were contented to take hold even of his coat as he passed.

It being now 7 o'clock he was conducted by the Mayor and the Common Council to the magnificent suite of rooms provided for him in the Irving House. As you enter the Hall, a magnificent life-like painting of Father Mathew meets your eye at the further end, right over the bar and in the loby window, immediately behind, and a little above these, is a beautiful white satin blind, with the inscription, "Glory to God on high, and on earth, peace to men of good will," then immediately underneath the word "Temperance." At the foot of this is an exquisitely painted wreath of flowers, with Father Mathew's autograph, in large hand, in the centre.

At eight o'clock in the evening the Common Council entertained the Reverand gentleman at dinner. The Mayor presided; on the right sat the distinguished guest. Besides the members of the Council, we noticed Captain Bunting, commander of the Ashburton, Rev. Dr. Pise, Mr. Maxwell, Collector of the Port of New York, Mr. D. O'Mera, Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Scott, Mr. Cornelius R. Mahony, &c., &c.

The Mayor rose and proposed a hearty welcome, in a glass of pure "Croton," to the distinguished philanthropist, Father Mathew. He trusted that a similar career, to that which gained the Apostle of Temperance a world-wide celebrity, would be pursued by the Reverend gentleman in the land whose citizens on to-day, gave him so generous and enthusiastic a welcome.

Father Mathew rose to reply. He observed that the generous and disinterested welcome which he received from the brave and hospitable people of America, on this day, would never be effaced from his memory, and though his impaired state of health would render impossible those unceasing exertions formerly made by him, yet throwing himself on the indulgence of his friends, he would do all in his power to gratify their wishes. There is as much sincerity, continued the Reverend gentlemen, in water as in wine, and I beg to give a full bumper of this pure liquid, the health and prosperity of the Mayor and citizens of New York.

Mr. Maxwell hoped that the result of his labours here would be as brilliant as in Europe. He trusted God would give him increased strength to work in a field of labor peculiarly his own, and spread on every side the pure and peaceful principles of Moral Reform.

Alderman Kelly proposed the health of Mr. Nesmith who kindly tendered the Apostle of Temperance the hospitalities of his Princely Mansion on Staten Island.

Mr. Tomlinson begged to return thanks on behalf of Mr. Nesmith; he rejoiced at the demonstration made to-day, it was an index of American hospitality and was lavishly bestowed on a man, not only an ornament to his country, but to humanity, and even the humblest in poor Erin can boast of virtues which must be reverenced. Often had he observed the hard working domestic saving dollar after dollar, to send a mother or sister. And oppressed as Ireland is let it be remembered that she possesses the full sympathy of the American people. We will guard the national jewel she has entrusted to our care, and restore him in safety and honor. I now propose the health of Captain Bunting, the gallant commander who landed him on our shores.

Captain Bunting rose, amfd loud cheers, and proceeded to say, that he was fairly taken aback, that he found it more difficult to make way against this headwind than if at sea, that being accustomed only to speak from the quarter deck he hoped they would excuse him; that he felt honored in Father Mathew being entrusted to his care, and that he returned them all his sincere thanks.

Alderman Kelly proposed, in most complimentary terms, the health of that honourable and princely firm Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., for their kindness in offering a free passage to Father Mathew and his suite.

Mr. Robinson returned thanks, and alluded to instances of the kindness of that firm which came under his own cognisance. As an Irishman he was proud of the demonstration to-day, which will be gratefully remembered by the humblest Irishman, and concluded by proposing the health of their host, Mr. Howard.

Mr. Howard returned thanks.

And as Mr. Pepys would say—"so home and to bed," leaving the Rev. gentleman doubtless persuaded that never was there such a sober and excellent people as this of New York, and that Common Councilmen, Aldermen, and other city dignitaries, Hotel-Keepers, Newspaper reporters, parsons, officers of the army, as well as the many other people who crowded round him, are entirely innocent of brandy smashes, mint juleps, gin slings, champaign, and hock, or any other of the deceitful and inveighling drinks which men in other places put in their mouths to steal away their brains. Nevertheless we believe the Statistic of the bar room of the Irving House, after the retirement of the excellent man who had been received with so much enthusiasm, on the night in question, would be interesting.

From the Maysville Eagle.

Particulars of the Cassius Clay Difficulty.

We expected to receive in the *Richmond Chronicle* of Thursday a full account of the fatal recontre between Cassius M. Clay and Cyrus Turner, in Madison county, on Friday of last week. The *Chronicle*, however, gives none of the particulars, but merely mentions the affair, and adds "that Mr. Turner died on Sunday morning last, living about thirty-four hours after receiving the wound. Captain Clay is still in a critical condition, but the better opinion seems to be that he will recover."

We learn the following from a gentleman who was on the ground: There are three pro-slavery candidates for the Convention from Madison, Messrs. Willis and Chenault, and Maj. Squire Turner, (father of Cyrus Turner,) and but one emancipation candidate, Maj. Burnam. At a regimental muster at Walden's, on Thursday of last week, the candidates spoke, Willis and Chenault leading, Maj. Turner followed—(although he had promised Cassius M. Clay the stand before him) alleging that Clay was not a candidate and the crowd was fast dispersing—and made a long speech. Clay then took the stand, and bore more heavily in his remarks upon Turner than upon either of the other candidates, and it was now evident for the first time that there was some unpleasant feeling between them.

On the next day, Friday, another discussion took place at a regimental muster at Foxtown. Willis spoke first, Turner next. When Turner had spoken about an hour, Clay appealed to him to give Maj. Burnam an opportunity of defending the Emancipationists and their views; but Turner refused, and spoke half an hour longer, in a severe strain, during which he read from the *True American* newspaper a portion of the article that caused the Lexington mob and the removal of the *True American* office to Cincinnati. Clay now appealed to the people to say whether it was fair that this article should be read, unless accompanied by the statement so often made to Maj. Turner, that the article in question was written by a South Carolina planter, (as many of his friends beleived for the express purpose of breaking down his press,) and sent to his office and printed while he was lying sick of the typhoid fever. The article, he said, was as repulsive to his feelings and views as it was to Maj. Turner's or any other man's—and if he had not been confined to a bed of sickness it should never have appeared in his paper. Mr. Wm. L. Neale, the *printer* of the *True American*, was on the ground, and would confirm the statement.

Maj. Turner continued his speech after this interruption, and when he concluded, C. M. Clay took the stand for the purpose of making a kind of apology to the people for the interruptions he had caused. He again stated that he thought each party were entitled to be heard, and that each should be allowed a fair division of the time. That the friends of right and justice, by such a course, had nothing to lose; for if the Emancipationists held incendiary notions, and advocated principles opposed to the best interests of the country, the people would judge of them correctly and put them down, while if their principles were founded in right and justice, it was certainly not wrong that they should be known in order that they should be upheld and supported.

After making his explanation, which did not occupy more than two minutes, he was leaving the stand, when Maj. Runyon, a lawyer of Richmond, at a considerable distance off, plied him with questions, and Clay, with the consent of Chenault, who claimed the stump, endeavoured to answer him. Some misunderstanding occurred in reference to the disposition made of the School Fund, in which Runyon pronounced a statement made by Clay false and untrue. Clay referred to an act of the Legislature in proof of his assertion, and had finally told Runyon, who had interrupted him before, that he was a mere tool of Turner and was obeying his master. Clay descended from the stand in perfect good humour, and without expecting a difficulty with any one, when Maj. Turner remarked that "Runyon was not his tool." Clay replied that whether Turner knew it or not, he was evidently his willing tool. Upon this, Cyrus Turner, the son of the candidate, stepped up to Clay, and pronounced his statement a d—d lie, and struck him in the face. Clay was soon stabbed by some one behind him, beat over the head with a stick by Alfred Turner and perhaps others, and a revolving pistol was snapped four times at his head, bursting a cap each time, by Thomas Turner. He did not draw his knife, nor shake, off the hold of those who were clinging to him until he perceived the blood spouting forth from his side, and believed from the wound that he must die. With superhuman effort he shook off those who held him, encountered Cyrus Turner, and stabbed him. The wound took effect in the lower part of his abdomen, resulting in his death in 34 hours.

A REVEREND RUMSELLER.—The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman on his way to California, dated,

"RIO JANEIRO, April 15, 1849.

"We begin to discover what our company is composed of. Mr. ——, who has been a minister, and who is the oldest professor of religion among us, is now temporarily engaged in a store in the city and is selling liquor on the Sabbath. Some of our passengers stepped into the store today, and one of the sailors of the ship came in half drunk, went up to the counter and called for grog; Mr. —— waited upon him and received from the sailor this *thundering broadside* in return—'Brother ——, this is pretty business for a clergyman on Sunday, to be dealing out liquor to us poor devils!"

A CURIOUS VERDICT.—In New Orleans lately, in the case of Capt. Joseph Bradley, who was tried for the murder of his paramour, Fanny Daly, the verdict was as follows: "Guilty without capital punishment, and recommended to the mercy of the court, on the ground of the prisoner not being prepared for trial. The jury do not intend to censure the action of the court."

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP HIBERNIA, One Week Later from Europe.

The Steamship Hibernia arrived at this port on Friday evening last bringing some interesting intelligence of which we gives brief synopsis copied from the Telegraphic report to the allied press:

ENGLAND.—The bill for the abrogation of the Navigation Laws passed the House of Lords without material amendment on the 12th and has received the Royal sanction. The bill will go into effect in January.

The Jews Disabilities bill passed the House of Commons by a majority of 60. Its success in the House of Lords is considered very doubtful.

The British Government repudiates all cognizance or sanction of the proceedings of the French in their treatment of the Romans.

Smith O'Brien, through his counsel, denies the legality of the commutation of his sentence of death to transportation, and the government have to provide for the unlooked for difficulty by special act of Parliament.

The cholera has again appeared in England, and several cases have occurred in Manchester, and other parts of the country.

FRANCE.—On Wednesday an incipient insurrection was attempted in Paris by about 25,000 of the Mountain party, headed by M. Etienne Arago. It was suppressed by the troops, whose numbers amounted to 70,000

Several attempts were made to erect barricades. In the evening the assembly declared itself *en permanence*, and passed a decree declaring Paris and the First military division in a state of seige. Thursday the alarm had considerably subsided, and business, which was entirely suspended the day previous, was generally resumed.

At one time the peril was imminent, and nothing but the courage and prudence of the President aided by firmness and sagacity, prevented the most serious consequences. Numerous arrests have taken place, including several members of the Assembly, M Arago, and Ledru Rollin.

The last accounts report a state of tranquility, but there was an uneasy feeling afloat that a renewed attempt would be made to upset the Government, and that when it comes to the point the troops will not prove steady.

All the socialists or Red Republican journals at Paris except the National, have been suppressed since the disturbance on Wednesday.

A very alarming demonstration on the part of the Red Republicans took place on the 13th inst., and for a time a revival of the terrible insurrection of June appeared probable. The affair commenced in a demonstration got up by the Red Republicans. As a protest to the National Guard of Paris against the vote of the Assembly of the 12th.

On the subject of Rome, the demonstration of the Assembly to support the cause of the Pope and to put down the Roman Republic, was seized upon in order to make a manifestation in favor of the Roman Republic, and at the same time against the Government, and in the Legislative Assembly notice was accordingly inserted.

At Paris the Cholera is making most frightful havoc, even worse than in 1837. Upwards of 11,000 deaths have already occurred, and in one day there were about 900 cases and 600 deaths reported.

Marshal Bugaud and many other persons of eminence have fallen before this scourge, which has also broken out in Silicia, Vienna and Presberg, and is raging most fearfully at Alexandria, and Cairo in Egypt.

ITALY.—From Rome, we learn that the French Army commenced the attack upon the city on the 3d inst., and after a sanguinary engagement, in which the Romans lost 800 men, succeeded in carrying several important posts. A series of attacks has since taken place, in which the victory is variously stated, but in which the invading army has suffered most.

The French papers publish conflicting reports of the operations of the army, but from accounts received to the 5th instant, it is clear that Gen. Oudinot has not then gained access to the city though he had gained a position at the North of Rome which would enable him to command the city.

The latest dispatch from Gen. Oudinot is to the 6th instant, at which time he opened his trenches and had regularly besieged the city. There is no appearance of yielding on the part of the Romans, but on the contrary everything goes to confirm the belief that they would make a most determined resistance and fight to the last.

The city of Rheims is reported to be in full insurrection and to have established a Government of Red Republicans.

HUNGARY.—Kossuth has arrived in Pesth, and has been received as President in the Capitol of the Hungarian Republic.

It would seem that hostilities are still carried on in the South between the Hungarians and the shattered remains of the Austrian army supported by the Russians, but the reports which reach us, are so vague and contradictory it is not deemed advisable to transmit them by Telegraph.

The Russian general has issued a proclamation to the Hungarians, the puth of which is, that if they do not lay down their arms and submit to their fate with a good grace they will be made to feel the consequences of their presumption. Every effort is being made to rouse the people, and the Magyar government have ordered clergymen to preach against the Russians.

GERM

Miscellany.

A VISIT TO MY UNCLE.

A STORY OF THE LATE IRISH REBELLION.

I am not a yatching-man myself, though I have a certain tendency that way which might have led me to belong to the T. Y. C. had my means and leisure allowed me the opportunity of doing so. But whenever I can get a run down to the Nore on a match-day, or spare time to go round the Wight in a friend's craft, I gladly avail myself of the chance.

In September last year, whem my holiday came round, I had the good luck—as I then thought—to be offered a trip to the coast of Ireland by an old college chum, named George Keating, whose schooner was then lying in the Severn. This answered my purpose very well, as it had been my intention to pass the long vacation in that country, having an uncle living in the county Cork, whom I had not seen for some years.

"I shall kill two birds with the same stone," thought I, "and save my money into the bargain;" so I wrote back to my friend to name the hour when he might expect to see me, took the morning express train to Bristol, threw myself into a steamer that was crossing over to Cardiff, and by six o'clock the same evening was comfortably seated at dinner at the Bute Arms, *tete-a-tete* with Keating, without, as sportsmen say, having turned a hair.

The next morning we were under way, with a fine clear sky overhead, and a fresh breeze from the westward, which was but a slight impediment to the Happy-go-lucky, for she could keep as near the wind as any vessel of her rig I ever sailed in, and her speed was extraordinary. We had a very pleasant time of it down the Bristol Channel, and the wind veering round a little to the southward, we were able as soon as we got well outside, to lay her head for Cork, and ran right in without shifting a tack.

It was the season of the Cork regatta; Sir Charles Napier's fleet was lying at Cove,—there was a strong muster of red-coats in the garrison, and the resident gentry were in tolerable force, their presence being the more welcome on account of the number of handsome daughters and sprightly nieces who came to take their share in the aquatic *fete*. A merry fortnight we passed among them,—yachting all day, and dancing all night, with just sufficient time between for dining at mess one day, in the gun-room of a frigate the next, and taking only just as much sleep as was necessary to make us fresh for our work. This kind of thing was too jovial to last forever, and at the end of the time I have mentioned, Keating said to me one morning, that he had received an invitation to take a week's shooting at Castle Knockaway, somewhere in the county of Limerick, and that he meant to be off the next day. What made the fellow in such a deuce of a hurry was, I suspect, something more attractive than feather or fur, the three Miss Knockaways,—fine, dashing girls,—having just been carried off by their 'Ma' in that direction, and with each of these three young ladies, the eldest in particular, George Keating had established a very substantial flirtation,—as far as a thing of that sort can be called substantial.

"But," added Keating in making this announcement, "I don't want to cut the ground from under your feet, Matt, my boy. You know you are going down to see your uncle,—he lives, you say, not far from the coast; there's the schooner quite at your service,—do whatever you like with her except bump her ashore, pay your visit like a dutiful nephew, and when that's over bring back the Happy-go-lucky to this port, and we'll see what will turn up next."

There was nothing better to be done than to agree to this proposition, so we shook hands upon it; as we parted. Keating said:

"Keep a bright look out, Matt, going into Bantry Bay. There are some awkward rocks to the eastward of the Sheep's Head; they call them the 'Hen and Chickens.'"

"Never fear, George," replied I, "I'll have my weather eye aboard; I recommend you to do the same. Those rocks are not the only dangerous 'Hen and Chickens' that I've heard of."

He laughed and shook his fist at me, and was soon pulled ashore. As soon as the boat came back, we hoisted our sails and I proceeded on my destination. The Happy-go-lucky was a small craft, and easily managed; her crew consisted of only two men and a boy, one of whom, named Dillon, acted as cook and valet to Keating, and now served me in the same capacity. He was an Irishman, as his name implied,—a smart, active fellow, and could turn his hand to anything. He knew the coast very well, being a native of Clonakilty, so that I was in no want of a pilot. We had a fair wind down the channel, and I hoped if it lasted to make but a short trip of it to Glengariff, where my uncle lived; but before we could weather Cape Clear, it chopped about, and began to blow rather fresh, and provisions running short I asked Dillon if he knew of any snug place on the coast where we could run in and get what we wanted, for it would have been no treat to beat out to sea with nothing to eat.

"Sure, sir," said he, "there's Baltimore harbour just under our lee."

"Baltimore!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean in America?"

"Ameriky is it, Mr. Dawes? Well then, I do *not*; but just a small little place of the same name—a good-sized town once it was—on this side of Barlog Bay, and not far from Skibbereen. It's milk and eggs we'll get there, at any rate, and maybe bread, though that's a scarce article in them parts."

"Up with the helm, then," said I, "and let her go free; we'll make the best of Baltimore."

We altered our course accordingly, and stood in for the shore.

It was many years since I had been in this part of Ireland; indeed, not since I was a child; I therefore knew little about the locality, but remembering the name of Skibberreen, too recently associated with a tale of sadness, I enquired of Dillon how far it was to Bantry, the principal town in my uncle's neighbourhood.

"Oh, then, sir," was his reply, "it's only a fine morning's walk, about twenty miles. I should think, if you don't go round by the roaring water and Ballydahob, but take the hill right across."

"And how long," said I, "should we be getting round to Glengariff in the schooner?"

"He only knows," replied Dillon, "if this wind lasts, which it generally does for three or four days at least, when the weather gets durty. We might'nt fetch it in a week; it all depinds upon whether you'd like to try."

My passion for the sea was not of so violent a nature as to induce me to forego every description of comfort to enjoy it; so I told Dillon I should probably try the land journey, and leave him in charge of the schooner, either to take her round to Glengariff, or remain at anchor in Baltimore harbour, as I might afterwards determine. We ran in between Sherskin Island and the main, came to anchor in a snug little cove, and then, with Dillon as my guide, carrying a good-sized basket, I went ashore.

An Irish village was a novelty to me, "and if they all resemble this one," said I, "defend me from seeing any more." Notwithstanding its high-sounding name, Baltimore was a little better than a heap of mud-built cottages. A little better, did I say? I ought to have said a good deal worse. It was a heap that had been scattered, and that without the slightest regard to order or harmony in its distribution. Poor as the district was, the inhabitants seemed poorer still; and as to buying what we wanted, it was totally out of the question, though the unfortunate creatures said, and truly I have no doubt, that if they had had anything to give, it should have been ours. In the depth of my ignorance of Post office accommodation in Ireland, I had formed the idea on my way up to the town, for I suppose I must'nt call it a village again, of writing a note to my uncle to prepare him for my visit; but even if such unknown quantities as pen, ink, and paper, could have been found in Baltimore, there was nothing in the shape of a Post office through which a letter could have been transmitted.

"Where was the use?" said Dillon, when I expressed my surprise. "I'll go bail there isn't a man or woman in Baltimore ever saw a letter, or troubled their heads about one."

"But the parish priest!" I observed. "He, surely, must write, and receive some occasionally?"

"You may be right there, sir," answered Dillon; "but as there isn't a house here fit to hold his rivirence, take my word for it, he's not to be had nearer than Skibberren, and that's where your honour must go."

This seemed to be true enough; and learning, moreover, that the next day was market-day, I resolved to walk over and sleep there, procure there, what was necessary, and regulate my proceedings accordingly.

As there was but one road, we had little fear of losing our way; and just as the evening was drawing in, we came within sight of the place which has recently acquired such a dreary celebrity. The poverty and starvation to which it had been devoted, did not, however, prevent me from finding a very tolerable inn, called "The Cat and Sceptre," where a good supper of smoking rashers and eggs was soon got ready by a sturdy, active, barefooted, but by no means bad-looking damsel, who answered to the name of Biddy.

There was no parlour, it is true, but the common room answered my purpose as well, especially as Dillon was with me; he made some difficulty in sitting down at first, but, being pressed, his timidity gave way, and the ice being broken, nothing stood between him and his appetite. I was rather sharp set, too, so that Biddy had plenty to do. The ale was excellent, and the whiskey was unexceptionable, and when we drew near the blazing turf fire—for the evening had set in cold and wet—I was not at all sorry to have exchanged the little cabin of the Happy-go-lucky for such comfortable quarters. We were seated, as I have observed, in the common room, in which a good many guests were assembled. They were mostly farmers or small tradesmen, and the discourse turned principally upon the late events in Tipperary, the capture of Smith O'Brien and his friends, the escape of the other leaders, and the approaching trials. Having no interest in the matter, or rather having been bored to death with the subject by the newspapers, I paid little or no attention to the conversation, but smoked my cigar in the chimney-corner in silence.

Dillon, I fancy, lent a readier ear to it than I did, though he, too, was engaged with a pipe, for next morning he gave me the benefit of his observations on what he had seen and heard. Had I been disposed to listen to what was said, I believe I should have profited but little, the brogue was so rich, and mixed up with so many genuine Celtic words when they did not altogether speak Irish. This was no difficulty, however, for Dillon, who, as I have already said, was a Munster man.

Once or twice a question was addressed to me, but whether from fatigue or preoccupied thoughts, I was in no mood for talking, and such answers as I made were as brief as they well could be. It appeared afterwards that my taciturnity did not operate to my advantage.

After desiring Dillon to be ready early next morning, I went to bed without having accomplished my intention of writing to Glengariff, for the simple reason that there was not a sheet of letter-paper in the "Cat and Sceptre," and the only stationer of Skibbereen, as he was called who sold everything, was gone to a wake some miles off. For the benefit of future travellers in this part of Ireland, I may say that, though there are possibly grander hotels to be met with than the "Cat and Sceptre," it wouldn't be easy anywhere to get a more comfortable bed, or be shown up stairs by a livelier chambermaid than Biddy O'Rourke—though she must have got another name by this time. In spite of certain melodious characters down stairs, who sang the most pathetic ditties at the top of their voices, I slept undisturbed till morning. As soon as I was dressed, I sallied forth. Dillon was at his post, and together we went to the market. On the way he told me that his prognostics with regard to foul weather were likely to be realized, the wind still blowing fresh from the Westward. Leaving him to market, as only one Irishman can with another, I hunted out the stationer, Mr. Maguire's establishment. There was a strong smell of whiskey in the shop, which predominated even over the soap and cheese, of which he was the chief distributor in Skibbereen, but whether it was owing to the tremendous strength of the article in the cask, considerably "over-proof," or to the fact of his having taken more than one "morning" to recruit the spirits exhausted at the previous night's wake, I will not take upon me to say; though, from a certain flightiness of manner, and wig rather awry, I should be inclined to adopt the latter opinion.

"It's the best Bath paper, then, you'll be having, sir?" said Mr. Maguire, "with the gould idge? finer was never seen at Darrynane. Dan O'Connell—to his memory be praise—niver flourished a pin over smoother. That's tuppince a sheet, sir, barring you tuck a rame, then, maybe, we'd let you down a bit cheaper."

"I'm not going to write a history of Ireland," I observed. "I simply want to write a letter."

"Oh, then," exclaimed Mr. Maguire, with some bitterness of tone, "there's not so much to be said about a country as we are now, that you couldu't add to your letter by way of a postscript. It's a country, I tell you, sir," continued he, vehemently, and striking his fist on the counter, "a country without a friend; and them that has the bouldness to set up to be the friends of Ireland, is the men the ——— Peelers shoots down, and hunts and drives into the bowels of the earth: bad cess to every man of 'em that ever wore a straight collar—the Jessamys!"

"Well, my good fellow," said I, "I'm neither a Peeler nor"—with the temptation to alliterate, I was going to add, a Paptist, but I checked myself in time—"nor anything else that I know of, except a man in a hurry; therefore, the sooner you give me what I ask for, the better for both of us."

Mr. Maguire looked at me for a moment very attentively; a sudden thought appearing to strike him, he gave a glance at my wide-awake straw hat, another at the ugly frieze coat I wore (for, roughing it along the coast, I had not been very particular as to my costume), and then, after giving me a knowing wink, turned round to a shock-headed boy who was standing staring at the other end of the counter, and cried out.

"Tim, you blaggard, hand down that parcel from the shelf over your head; the one in the whitey-brown cover, with a band round it; stir for the life of ye. Is it one that'll do you, gineral? Take two—take twinty; keep the tuppinces, you'll be wanting 'em before all's done; the divil a bit do they cross the counter. Stay, it's a could, raw mornin', the Cape Clear fogs wet a man through inside and out; try this, and then put the bottle in your pocket, and what have you to do, do quickly, for, take the word of an honest man, this coast has a bad reputation."

Mr. Maguire accompanied these words with so much rapidity of action, rolling up the paper, rejecting the money, producing the whiskey, and literally compelling me to swallow a glassful, though I was nearly choked in making the attempt, and then, in a friendly way, hustling me out of his shop so quickly that the whole affair was over before I well knew what had taken place. I concluded, as a matter of course, that Mr. Maguire's morning draught had been too much for him, or had followed too closely on the heels of last night's compotations; or else, that he was slightly touched in the upper story.

"Who the deuce does he take me for," thought I, "calling me 'gineral,' and making all those shrugs and nods and grimaces; there's not much of the general officer in my costume, at all events—nor in anything else about me that ever I heard of. These Irishmen are strange fellows, certainly. However, when I come back to Skibbereen, if I find Mr. Maguire sober, I'll settle accounts with him then; meantime, a sheet of paper and a glass of whiskey are no great matters."

I had forgotten the bottle he had crammed into the pocket of my frieze coat.

As soon as I returned to the "Cat and Sceptre" I accomplished the feat of writing the letter which had been attended with so much difficulty. I told my uncle the circumstances under which I had arrived at Skibbereen, and added, that I should shortly be with him. It was my intention to hire a car to drive over to Bantry, but as I had nothing with me but what I stood in, it was necessary that I should go on board the schooner again, in order to pack up some traps. As soon, therefore, as I had breakfast and settled the bill, we set out for Baltimore, Dillon carrying the basket as before, only this time, though heavier, it was better worth the trouble, being well filled with provisions.

"You were very merry, I suppose, last night, after I went up-stairs," said I to my companion, as we trudged along.

"A thrifle, sir," replied he, "the boys sang a little."

"Yes, I heard them before I fell asleep; I knew the tunes, but not the words. What were they?"

"It was mostly the millodies, Mr. Dawes,—manging the ould ones, your honour—such as 'The Fox's Sleep,' 'Coolon Das,' 'The Bunch of Green Rushes that Grew at the Brim,' and more of them sort."

"Had you the 'Ninety-eight!'"

Dillon screwed up his eyes and knit his brows, and after a pause, said, in a lower tone:

"No, sir, they dar' not; there's too many Peelers about just now; ever since the business up there in Tipperary;—sorrow a man can open his mouth without having a policeman down his throat. And that, Mr. Dawes, puts me in mind to tell you that I've seen one or two of them chaps dodging about this mornin' in rather a quare, suspicious kind of way."

"What can that signify to us?" said I; "the 'business,' as you call it, doesn't concern you or I."

"That's true enough, sir. In coorse *you* can't have anything to do with it; you've just come from England,—it's *I* that know that, and so I tould 'em."

"Told who?"

"Why, sir, the boys that was askin' last night who your honour was."

"I thought they looked rather inquisitively at me; who do you think they took me for?"

"There's no sayin', sir;—they've a power of fancy in their heads, them boys. Tom Moore, sir, or the Duke of Wellinton, or may be Gineral O'Brien himself, who knows?"

General O'Brien! thought I. I dare say that booby Maguire had some such notion in his drunken pate.

We now stepped out, and soon reached Baltimore. From the height where it stands we could see the schooner lying at anchor, though the intervening shore was hidden by the inequality of the ground. Dillon shouted, and I made a signal by waving a handkerchief, to which the man on board replied by running up the ensign, and then hauling it down again. We then followed a narrow winding path, and quickly gained the beach. The boat had put off from the schooner, and was making for the shore; I sat down on a rock watching her, and while I was thus engaged, was not aware, until I heard footsteps close behind me, that some one had come to the place where I was sitting. I looked up, and, somewhat to my surprise, saw that it was a policeman. He was observing me very attentively; he touched his hat, and after wishing me good day, said something about the weather being rough.

"So rough," replied I, "that I have given up the idea of cruising any further at present."

"So I should think, sir," observed the policeman, with a smile which I did not understand.

"I'm going on board the schooner," continued I, "to get my portmanteau; perhaps, as you know the people about here, you could get me a man to carry it to Skibbereen?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the policeman, "but I can't allow you to lave the shore."

"My good fellow," returned I. "it's not my intention to ask your permission. Do you know who you are speaking to?"

"I think I do, sir," replied the man, in a firm but respectful manner.

"Well, then," I exclaimed, "if you know that, you must know that my name is Dawes—Matthew Dawes—in case your inquiries havn't extended so far."

"Come sir," said the policeman, "this won't do. I know better than that."

"Know what you please," I answered, angrily; "you'll not prevent me from going on board that schooner. Dillon," I continued, "put the basket in the boat, and stand by to shove off."

"I should be sorry to use force to any gentleman," was the policeman's remark; "but if you oblige me, sir, I must. See, I'm not alone."

And looking round, I perceived six or seven of his men suddenly coming up in different directions, and hemming us in on all sides. At the same time, he who had been speaking to me drew a pistol from under his coat.

Things now began to wear a serious aspect.

"I have no desire," I said, "to resist the authority of the law, but I should like to know first of what I am accused."

"You are not accused of anything, sir; but I've good reason for suspectin' that you are one of the rebel leaders in the late affair at Ballingarry, and as such, it's my duty to make you my prisoner."

"And what's to be the upshot of that?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"I must take you before a magistrate; his worship will settle what's to be done with you afterwards."

"This is pleasant," I observed, and then added, "I suppose you won't object to let me go on board to change my dress?"

"It's as much as my life's worth," he answered, "to let you lave *terra firma*."

I expostulated, but it was of no use; the man was firm as a rock, and I was obliged to yield myself his prisoner; nor was I alone in my glory, the capture including my friend Keating's factotum, Dillon. The man and boy were put under surveillance as well as the schooner, on which an embargo was laid, and we were marched off across the country, in the direction of Castle Townshend, where the magistrate resided.

This was, to say the least of it, a disagreeable interruption to the visit, so long deferred, which I was about to pay my uncle; however, I comforted myself with the thought that the affair could easily be set to rights when I saw the magistrate. Glengariff was not so far off but that my uncle's name must be known to him, and then I should be set at liberty. Abandoning, therefore, all ideas of escaping, which, indeed, would have been impossible, ignorant as I was of the country, and narrowly watched by half-a-dozen policemen, I quietly moved on by the side of my captor, who held the rank of sub-inspector.

There was nothing churlish or overbearing about the man, so I resolved to put a few questions to him.

"And pray," I asked, "since you will have it that I am one of the rebels, as you call them, which do you take me to be?"

"That's soon answered, sir," replied the sub-inspector; "it's not asy to mistake a gentleman like your honour for any but one. I should say now, sir," continued he, looking me steadily in the face, "though you call yourself Mister Mathew Dawes, *that* wasn't the name you marched out of Clonmel with."

"What was it, then?"

"What do you think, sir, of Michael Doheny?"

"And why Michael Doheny?" I inquired.

'Beca'se of the description," was the reply. "See here," continued he, taking a paper from his pocket, which proved to be the "Hue and Cry,"—"here it is, chapter and vurse."

And he forwith proceeded to read, referring to me every now and then with a glance of his eye, as if to make assurance doubly sure:—

"'Michael Doheny, barrister, forty years of age,—that's about it—(I assure the public I am only twenty-nine)—'five feet eight inches in height,'—no mistake there—sandy hair'—isn't it sandy—(not a lady of my acquaintance but calls it auburn)—'coarse, red face, like a man given to drink,'—(here he threw his eye on the neck of the bottle that was sticking out of my pocket, and I inwardly cursed Mr. Maguire's whiskey)—'high cheek bones'—umph—'wants several of his teeth'—(I have unluckily lost my two best molars)—'*very vulgar appearance*'—('the devil take this wide-awake,' said I to myself)—'peculiar *coarse unpleasant voice*,'—right enough—(the fellow took advantage of a cold in my head, otherwise I have a very agreeable voice)—'dress indifferent,' so it is—'small short red whiskers,'—them's plain enough to be seen. There, sir, if that doesn't correspond with your personals my name's not Tim Brady."

He folded up the newspaper with the most satisfied air in the world, and began to whistle "Garryowen" as if he had quite settled the question.

It was bad enough to be mistaken for any of the rebels, but to be set down for the worst-looking of the lot was a little too mortifying. I felt that it was useless to expostulate just then, and reserved myself for a triumphant vindication before the magistrate.

A smart walk of three-quarters of an hour brought us to Townshend.

The resident magistrate, or R. M. as Mr. Brady, with professional technicality, called him, did not happen, as is often the case in Ireland, to belie his designation; he was on the spot, and, after a brief delay, the whole party were ushered into his presence.

"Well Brady," said Mr. O'Kelly (that was the magistrate's name,) "what's in the wind now? Who have you got here?"

"I'm thinkin', your honour," said the policeman, stepping forward, and speaking in that kind of undertone called in Ireland "a pig's whisper," which like a stage-aside, is heard by everybody; "I'm thinkin' I'll be in for the five hunder'."

As he spoke, he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder at myself and Dillon.

"Whoo—oo—oo!" whistled the magistrate gently, but in a prolonged note, and looking steadfastly first at me and then at the other prisoner. "Is that it? Now, then, let us hear all about it."

"Your honour knows," said the sub-inspector, "what sort of game we've been hunting lately, though small the luck's been till this day,—and how the intilligince of the force has been selected for the duty, to give a good account of the hide-and-seekers. The pawty under my command was at Skibbereen yesterday evening, and Michael Quin comes to me at the station, and—

"'Mister Brady,' says he, 'how they ever come there it's not I that can tell you, but there's quare guests at the Cat and Sceptre this night, abscondin' and smokin' in the big room of that same."

"'Quare?' says I; 'what's the likes of 'em like, Mick?'

"'One's a big, black fellow,' says he: 'and tother's a smart-sized, red-headed chap; both's wet and durty,—they've been through the bog, I'll go bail.'

"In coorse, your honour, I looked at the 'Hue and Cry,' in my pocket, and findin' the head-marks correct,—'Mick,' says I, 'go round, and warn the force; sind some of the boys down to the shore to keep a look-out from Ballydahob to Baltimore, it's for the say-side they'll be makin.' We'll drive 'em into a corner, and there catch 'em.' I tuck four men besides meself, and posted 'em so that there was no gettin' to Roscarberry or Bantry way without their knowin' it; I then promiscuously entered the Cat and Sceptre, and sure enough, I see the prisoners; they sat smokin' by the fireside, as easy and comfortable as if they'd been in the lord-leftenant's drawin' room. 'Out of Skibbereen,' says I to myself, 'you'll not get, my fine fellows, and Tim Brady's eye not on ye; but I made no stir, only watchin' 'em till they went to bed, and up and down all night in front of the public house, lest they'd try and bolt in the dark. Mornin' comes at last, your honour; and what do I see the first thing, but my Two comin' out of the house, and lookin' about 'em like foxes turned out of a bag before they know which way to take. The black prisoner has a basket at his elbow, and after a short colloguing, off goes he to the market-place, and the red one steps me into Mister Maguire's and axes for letther-paper. 'If it's bidden' good-bye you mane,' says I to meself, 'there's no hurry, there'll be plinty of time for letther-writin' yet. As I was standin' convanient to Mister Maguire's, it was asy enough to hear what *he* said. Pat Maguire has a voice ye may hear from this to Kinsale, especially when he's fresh up,—and my seapicions was conformed. Back again does the prisoners go to the Cat and Sceptre and breakfast; it was a gowld sov'rin' the black one changed in the market at John O'Down, the butcher's, and butcher's mate and bread that was in it—the basket—that's now to the fore,—and while I was watchin', out comes a sprig of a gossoon, little Terry Donovan, own grandson of the Widdy O'Rourke, with a letther in his fist.

"'Terry, *ma bouchal*,' says I, giving him a gentle grip by the shoulther, 'how long have you been the postman of Skibbereen?'

"'Lave your hould of me,' says the lad, 'for it's a tinpenny I'm gettin' to bring this to the post-office.'

"'Sorrow a bit,' says I to myself, 'the post-office shall see that same;' but I tould Terry I was going, and would take care of it while he went to play.—Glad enough was the lad to go and spend the tinpenny that was burnin' in his pocket, and so the dokiment, your honour, fell into my hands, and here it is. I made bould to open it, as I rade writin——'

"Is it possible, sir," exclaimed I, indignantly, interrupting the policeman's cool statement, "that strangers are treated this way in Ireland, by those who ought to protect them—that the sanctity of a sealed letteer should be violated—that——"

"Pray, sir," said Mr. O'Kelly, "be quiet; if the man has exceeded his duty he will be properly dealt with; but in the meantime," he added, glancing at the open letter, which he held in his hand as he spoke,—"in the meantime, I must say that appearances seem to justify the course of proceeding he has adopted. Be kind enough to reserve what you have to say till he has done. Go on, Brady."

"As to the sanctity of violation, your honour," said the sub-inspector, making the sign of the cross, "the back of my hand to the charge; it wasnt a saled letther at all. there was nothing in it but a little dirty bit of a yellow wafer, as wet as when it was first spit upon, more by token that it stuck to my thumb, so I couldn't be breaking sales any how! Well, your honour, prisintly out comes my Two again, and makes towards Baltimore at a goodish pace, the black prisoner carryin' the baskit, and the red one close along side of him convarsin' and quite playful. I follied them at a distance till they got to the townind, and then tuck a short cut down to the say-side, where I got the men of the force together and surprised them as they was going on board of a schooner that was waiting to fetch them, quite handy. Then it was I heard this prisoner," pointing to me, "call the other 'Dillon;' and this is all I have to say, your honour."

"Well, prisoners," said Mr. O'Kelley, addressing us both, though he seemed to expect me to answer, "you have heard the constable's statement. What explanation have you to offer of the very suspicious circumstances of the case?"

"I am at a loss, sir," said I, "to conceive how so simple a fact as that of leaving one's yacht for provisions while cruising about the coast, and wishing to go on board again when I had got what I wanted, can be construed into anything suspicious."

"Which you mean to say is the whole question as far as you are concerned?"

"Certainly, sir, I do."

Mr. O'Kelly smiled incredulously.

"Now, listen to me, sir," he observed; "this officer of police, whose assertions I have not heard you deny, informs me that yourself and your companion are discovered in the dusk of the evening in the town of Skibbereen, into which you had effected your entrance in an unusual manner—don't interrupt me, sir;—that you were evidently desirous of not attracting the observation of the persons who frequented the public house; that at an early hour in the morning you were both a-foot, ostensibly for the purchase of provisions, but in reality to afford one of you the means of communicating with your friends before you left the country, to do which you addressed yourself to one of the most notoriously disaffected men in the place; that after despatching your letter, as you thought, to its destination, you left Skibbereen as furtively as you entered it, and made your way to the sea-shore, where a vessel was lying to take you off, into which, notwithstanding the tempestuous state of the weather, you were at once about to embark, when the police arrested you. You will excuse me for saying that I think the latter have acted upon very justifiable grounds; indeed they would have been wholly wanting in their duty if, in times like the present, when the country swarms with fugitives anxious to escape the pursuit of justice, they had not arrested you in the way which has been described."

"I have no fault, sir," replied I, "to find with the statement made by the policeman; he has related the facts correctly enough. What I object to is the inference which you draw from them to our disadvantage."

"It is my province, sir, to make inferences," retorted the magistrate, "especially when, without any denial of facts, the accused seek to give their own colouring to the transaction. I have not lived so long in the world without having gained this experience, that there are always two ways of telling a story. Yours is plausibly enough as far as it goes, but that is not quite far enough to satisfy me. Your personal appearance exactly corresponds with the description of one of the most notorious of the rebel leaders in the late lawless affairs in Clonmel and Tipperary: that of your companion is, perhaps, rather less accurate, though the policeman distinctly swears that he heard you, in a moment of excitement, when you were thrown off your guard, speak to him by the name of another rebel leader; and to sum up the matter, with what in my opinion is the most conclusive fact of the whole, here is a letter addressed to a person unknown, and signed with the very initials of one of the persons suspected, in which, as openly as you have thought it prudent to speak, you have alluded to events in which I, at least, have no difficulty in recognizing the type of your recent adventures in endeavouring to effect your escape. I shall read this letter to you, that no doubt may exist in your mind as to the motives by which I am guided."

Mr. O'Kelly accordingly read as follows:

"SKIBBEREEN, October 12, 1848.

"DEAR UNCLE:—I am so far on my way, though it has been rather a round-about one; but, thank God, a few hours more will see me safe under hatches. You have, I make no doubt, been anxiously expecting some tidings of me, but it was not in my power to let you know before; my movements, for the best possible reasons, being so very uncertain; indeed, at one time I almost despaired of ever seeing you again. Since I left my friends I have had rather a rough time of it, but I must not complain, for I chose my own course. What changes have taken place since you saw me last! I feel quite sure you would not recognize me; so completely am I altered in appearance by the sort of life I have been lately leading, to say nothing of the costume by which I am now disguised. However, these are trifles, and *by the time the sun shines again, I trust I shall be a new man.* This is all I need say at present; it will not be long before you hear in the way I believe you most wish, from your affectionate nephew,

"M. D."

"There, sir," said the magistrate, as soon as he had ended, "I think it will give you some trouble to persuade me, after this, that you are not the man I take you for. It is useless to mince the matter, Mr. Doheny, everything tends to confirm the fact; there is not a syllable in this letter that is not applicable to the circumstances of your position since the occurrences in July, and, do you mark me, sir, I am not ignorant of the meaning of the passage you have marked in italics."

"I wish, sir," I returned somewhat testily, "that your acquaintance with its meaning extended to the whole of the letter. The very superscription might, I think, have enlightened you."

I could see by his heightened colour that Mr. O'Kelley's Irish blood was up at this remark, but remembering, probably, that he was on the bench, he suppressed the anger that was rising.

"Sir," said he, emphatically, "that's another point that makes against you; the letter is without any address; it was given with private instructions and a piece of money to a boy named Terence Donovan to deliver. What the orders were which you gave him, I do not pretend to know; but I have no doubt you made them perfectly intelligible. You talk of a superscription, sir, where is it?"

He held out the letter as he spoke.

"Not there, certainly," replied I; "it is not the custom in England to write the address inside the letter."

"England, sir!" returned Mr. O'Kelly—his passion beginning to rise—"you're mighty free with England; but it won't do, Mr. Doheny. If it isn't inside, as you call it, I say again—where is it?"

"Most likely, sir," I answered, "on the envelope, which this very intelligent policeman has neglected to give you."

Mr. O'Kelly looked puzzled at this observation; simple as the thing was, the absence of the envelope had never struck him. He bit his lip, and turned abruptly to Mr. Brady.

"What's gone with the cover, Brady?"

The sub-inspector opened his eyes very wide, and paused for a few moments.

"Speak, sir," cried the magistrate, impetuously.

"Is it the cover, your honour! the common bit of paper the letter was wrapped in? By gor, then, I threw it away. Where was the use of kaping a thing like that? nobody writes their ideas on the outside of a letther, that ever I heard tell on."

Mr. O'Kelly got very red in the face; he saw that the policeman had made a regular Irish blunder, and that, to a certain extent, he had shared in it himself. He was resolved, however, not to be beaten so easily.

"This is all very well," he said, "but the absence of the cover disproves nothing of the contents of the letter. Pray, sir, what explanation have you to offer of them?"

"If you will be kind enough, sir," answered I, "to allow me to give a *full* explanation of the whole affair, I think I can satisfy you that I am really what I describe myself to be, and that this man, whose name certainly *is* Dillon—no uncommon one in Ireland, by the bye—is a very different individual from the misguided person with whom you seemed disposed to identify him."

"Very well, sir," said the magistrate, folding his arms and leaning back in his chair, "go on."

I then proceeded to relate to him, point by point, all that the reader is acquainted with, up to the time of my writing the unfortunate letter. He listened attentively, and I could perceive by his countenance that the straightforwardness of my story had begun to make some impression on him. He would not, however, receive it all as gospel, but when I had finished proceeded to cross-examine me.

"What made you say, sir, that you had been obliged to take a round-about way to Skibbereen?"

"My object," I replied, "was to get to Bantry, and from Cork, I imagine, the high road through Bandon is barely one-third the distance by sea."

"That's all very well, but what do you mean by a few hours more seeing you safe under hatches? That looks more like wishing to be off the land than on it."

"Perhaps it does, sir, but I can only say that I spoke figuratively. Having been cruising about for three or four weeks, I suppose I have got into a nautical way of expressing myself; it is an affectation I am sorry for."

"Ah! Why, sir, should your uncle, if he *is* your uncle, be so *anxiously* expecting news of you, and how came you to *despair* of ever seeing him again? What was the *rough time* you had of it, and the *changes* that had taken place, and the *disguise*, sir? Answer these."

"I will try, sir. It is ten or eleven years since I saw my uncle last, and at that time I was quite a boy." Mr. O'Kelly looked hard at me, and a smile was almost perceptible, but he said nothing, and I went on. "I had long promised to pay him a visit and had been often disappointed, so that it was natural enough he should be anxious. The 'rough time' had reference to the gale of wind that made us run into Baltimore harbour, and the 'disguise' I think speaks for itself; the dress one wears out yachting is not precisely the same a man figures in, in the streets of London."

"All this may or may not be the fact," said Mr. O'Kelly, "but the political allusion, sir, that's what I should like to get at."

"Political allusion!" I exclaimed, "how! where!"

"Oh, sir, these things are pretty well understood; we can make out hieroglyphics. What's the meaning of this? 'By the time the sun shines again, I trust I shall be a new man.' On your honour as a gentleman, does not that mean 'the sun of liberty and political regeneration?'"

"Upon my honour then, as a gentleman," returned I, laying the strongest emphasis on the words, "it means nothing more than a 'clean shirt and a shave' before another day went over my head."

Mr. O'Kelly was staggered at the simplicity of my explanation; I saw he was vexed with himself, but at the same time half inclined to laugh at the turn things had taken. But he was magisterial to the last.

"Well sir," he said, "I have one question more to put to you. As the cover of the letter is unfortunately lost, and you lay so much stress on that, you can have no hesitation in telling me who it was addressed to?"

"None in the world," I answered. "My uncle, who is my mother's brother, has a place at Glengariff, on the other side of Bantry. His name is Colonel Desmond."

"What the devil!" exclaimed Mr. O'Kelly, startled quite out of his propriety. "Colonel Desmond! he your uncle?"

"He is, sir, I give you my word."

"Well," said he, his energy surprising him into a sudden exhibition of brogue, "that bates Banagher! Colonel Desmond your uncle!—then Tom Desmond is your cousin?"

"The same, sir; we are not only cousins, but have been schoool-fellows. He was brought up with me at Eton."

"True enough he went there for his education. The rascal is engaged to be married to my eldest daughter, Grace. He's in the house at this moment. If he can identify you, I have no more to say on the subject. Here, you Tim Brady, step into the hall, and desire one of the servants to give my compliments to Mr. Desmond and beg him to step this way; it's on a little business I want him."

All the rest was plain sailing—if, after my previous scrape, I may venture on another nautical term. Tom Desmond knew me the instant he entered the room, but was more than enough surprised to see me there, and so situated. Of course Mr. O'Kelly made me the *amende honourable*, and as an Irishman never does things by halves, of course he made me stay to dine and sleep at Castle Townshend, and mounted me the next morning, when my cousin and I rode over to Glengariff together, exacting from me a promise to come and see him the next time I came to Ireland. Just before I took leave, and while Tom was whispering something, very tender no doubt, to Miss Grace O'Kelly—an extremely fine girl, by-the-bye—her father took me aside.

"A word of advice," said he, in a low tone; "while you're in Ireland, never put your letters into those d——d envelopes, as you call them. They entirely defeat the ends of justice!"

I laughed and shook hands with him; we mounted and rode off; and this time nothing prevented me from paying the long-deferred "VISIT TO MY UNCLE."

—*English Magazine.*

THE PRISON AT VINCENNES.

—The Bastile had been destroyed to the ground. I had mounted once on the only bit of wall that remained. There was one, said to be an Englishman, who had been forty years incarcerated there, and knew not his crime. He was paraded through the streets of Paris, in 1789, on the people's shoulders, after the destruction of that edifice. His long confinement had well nigh made him an idiot. The history of this prison has been translated from the French into English, and is familiar. I do not know whether that of Vincennes, which also narrowly escaped demolition, is equally known. This was a state prison, and gloomy enough it is, with walls of a prodigious thickness. The pious mistresses of Louis XIV. and his monk ministers used to send many against whom they had a pique to this prison. Literati, princes, artists, courtiers, and others, were inmates in turn of the donjon of Vincennes. Many stories are related of their conduct there: some melancholy, others diverting. Here was shut up the great Conde. Cardinal Mazarine used to send all his enemies here: and one, a Duke of Beaufort, made a wonderful escape from a place whence escape seemed impossible. With Conde were imprisoned Conti and the Duke de Longueville. Conde was lively, laughed, and played the fiddle. Conti, miserably cast down, begged the governor to send him a book called the "Imitation of Jesus Christ." "Send me" said the great Conde, 'the imitation of the Duke of Beaufort," referring to the escape the duke had practised. Abandoned by all the world, he was never low-spirited nor ill-humoured, except, speaking of Mazarine, "That old fox, that has so far cheated both God and the devil, will never cease his outrages upon all good servants of the State until the Parliament turns off or severely punishes the most illustrious cypher of the holy slop-pail." Mazarine, fearful of Conde's escape, had him taken from this prison and sent off under an escort, commanded by the Duke of Harcourt, to the citidel of Havre. The duke did not like his commission, and Conde annoyed him yet more by the following lines, which I translate out of the French:—

"That man fat and short,
In history so renown'd,
That great Count Harcourt
All with victory crown'd,
Who succoured Cassel, and who re-took Turin,
Is now gaoler become
To Julius Mazarine."

Here was imprisoned Madame Guyon, whose religious hymns our poet Cowper has translated. She was accused of too much religion. It is singular what arts were used by "divine right" monarchs to torment their victims. The skill of the late Francis of Austria, and his agent Metternich, will be found in the Memoirs of Silvio Pellico, who was told the severest orders were from the Emperor himself, whose lapses of honour were so remarkable a trait in his character. Louis XI. used iron cages for his victims, on the suggestion of the Bishop of Verdun, and the bishop got into one of them himself for ten years! The same ruler shut up the princes of Armagnac in dungeons made in the form of inverted sugar loaves, so that their feet might not have rest nor their bodies repose. I know not if this, too